

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's



MARCH 22, 1982

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**THE LONG  
SHADOW OVER  
PARLIAMENT**







## Emulate Japan

Your March 8 cover story, *The Challenge of Japan*, illustrates Japan's success across various industries and management techniques. Fortunately, we Canadians have equal chance to achieve similar results. The formula consists of only two ingredients: treat the employee like a human being and involve the employee in joint decision-making as much as you can. I say to all Canadian managers and supervisors, especially during these times of economic hardship, the choice is yours.

—PAUL SHEARON,  
Kingston, Ont.

In Japanese industry there is great dedication to the firm and almost a family loyalty. In Canada, the worker is an untrained mule who fights the company on every angle. The same auto-workers who now cry the blues were the people who struck Ford one year, General Motors the next. How can industry be strong in Canada when this country builds the second for the number of workdays lost in strikes?

—KY SMITH,  
Dundas, Ont.

Clearly the Japanese are attempting to capture North America economically. Their armed forces failed to defeat an arbitrarily 40 years ago. Must we allow them this economic victory? Some of our ever-increasing trade with Japan



## Japan's success story: loyal workers

Be of China and Central America. If Canada joins the U.S. in establishing a Canadian-Asian free-trade zone, we will all benefit from their trade expertise.

—B. ALLAN WHITE,  
Port Hope, Ont.

## Canadian success stories

Your cover story on Miral and its founders, Rick's *New Shore* (Feb. 21), is a detailed account of an almost incredible success story. Indeed, Compand and Matthews can be looked upon as founders of a new "Canadian establishment." I must, however, take issue with your statement "Canada has

conquered, Linear Technology Inc., is a civil dam-the producer whose wheels business is devoted to the design and manufacture of stone chips.

—R. A. PROCTOR,  
President,  
Linear Technology Inc.,  
Burlington, Ont.

It is refreshing to see enthusiastic and positive coverage of some of the many very real Canadian success stories in which all Canadians should take pride. These stories in the *Maclean's* family of companies (East, Northern Telecom, Bell Northern Research) are particularly delighted by the accomplishment and growth of Ottawa's "Belton Valley North," since many of the companies involved are direct spinoffs of the high-technology information services sector that has put Canada in the forefront in this area on a worldwide basis.

—DONALD CHROCHANSKI,  
Vice President,  
Bell Canada,  
Ottawa

## Gerry Sorenson's home town

Matthew Folber's report, *An Amused* on *An Alpine Preserve* (Sports, March 15), refers to Gerry Sorenson as "a shy young woman from British Columbia's rugged interior." He gives the home towns of all the other skiers but not once does he mention Kimberley as being Gerry's home town. We Kimberleyites are very proud of her and we want the world to know where she is from.

—MRS. A. FORTUNE,  
Kimberley, B.C.

most last day of placing this year. His showing in the last Canada has been disappointing. *Walter* *Grassie* picked the bronze medal at the 1976 Olympics.

**OBITUARY** *Loed Butler*, 70, "the greatest power minister Britain never had," as his biographer Lord Richard Butler, "died," because his political career at age 20 and went on to hold nearly every top position in the Conservative Party. He twice lost the chance to run England as *Harold Macmillan* in 1957 and Sir *Alan Douglas* *Butler* in 1959 because, many believed, his views were considered to be too moderate to suit his peers.

**OBITUARY** *Lester B. McCata*, 96, patriarch of the family that saved the village of *Hammondsville*, N.H., was a major food processing owner. After the 1934 death of her husband, *Andrew B. McCata*, a pioneer in the development of Canadian

potato products, Mrs. McCata served as president of the family business for several years.

**ELECTIONS** Dublin millionaire businessman and former brother *Charles J. Haughey*, 56, as prime minister of Ireland, by the Irish Parliament. After two weeks of political wrangling, the leader of the *Fianna Fail* party, who served as prime minister from December, 1979, to June, 1981, defeated former P.M. *Garrard Fitzmaurice* by a vote of 85 to 70.



**APPOINTMENT** Former senior city solicitor *Harold H. Hahn*, 66, was named as the new *Nova Scotia* court, *Constance R. Gibe*, 56, as chief justice of the trial division of the *Supreme Court*. *Gibe* becomes the first woman to be named *Chief* of a court since *Chief Justice* *McIntyre*. Her appointment follows that of *Bertha Wilson* to the *Supreme Court* of Canada.

## INTRODUCING KEMPER'S BAVARIAN CREAM.



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## PASSAGES



**OBITUARY** *Ayn Rand*, 77, longtime exponent of "rational selfishness" and laissez-faire capitalism, after a long illness, in New York City. Her theory that only individual ability and effort accounted for personal achievement became known as objectivism and was embraced in several essays and her popular novel *The Fountainhead* (1943) and *Atlas Shrugged* (1957). At the time of her death she had just finished a new book, *Philosophy Who Needs It?*, and was writing a TV auto-series based on *Atlas Shrugged*.

**OBITUARY** The prestigious bronze medal in the 1980 Winter Olympic Games in *Copenhagen* by Calgary's *Brian Peckar*, 32. After a hard-fought contest played with appendicitis and a leg fracture, Peckar admitted he had no

## The switch is still ours

The present trend of government bodies to regulate everything you see or do has restricted our pursuit of any kind of entertainment so much that it is ridiculous. (Monica From the Armchair, Feb. 22) My husband and I enjoy both Rex Humbert and the Rex Pavalis. Whether or not they ask for donations is immaterial, as it is my privilege to send money or not. Every day we have to cope with people at the door asking for donations for almost anything. They can be very persistent and, in some cases, downright rude. We television watchers have the option of turning off any program we do not want to see.

—SUE H. BRONSON,  
Naples, Ont.

## Progress involves risk

Carroll Allen's Position starts off very well when she says, in effect, that if one fails to ask the right question, one's chances of getting the right answer are not very good. (Planning to Jump the World Dance, Feb. 28) From then on, though, it was pretty well downhill! Allen might have said how, but whether mankind should have ever left the caves. The walls, floors and ceilings of her house are literally lined with wires carrying electricity that may burn her house down. She states, rightly, that Times Wide Island deals in the week that the two big news, 1,100 people died—not downed of that link, but on the streets and highways of the U.S. and Canada in cars "made safe" to die in. Does Carroll ever ask herself,



Fewest viewers choose to dance

on getting into a car. "I should I?" If Carroll Allen and her ilk had been around when mankind "invented" fire, they would have been again!

—DORIS BATH  
Prestonburg, Ont.

## The mystery of Caddy is solved

Having grown up on Vancouver Island before the Second World War, I'm well acquainted with the legend of "Caddy" and was amazed to read about him in your issue of Feb. 28 (A Hunt for Cryptic British Scenes). In April last year I was sailing with friends south of Sydney, N.S., in the home waters of Caddy, where I noticed seaward, 700 to 800 yards away, four or five serpentine coils protruding at some speed in a southerly direction. "There's Caddy!" I exclaimed, at the same time putting my binoculars to my eyes. Upon focusing them, I identified four or five porpoises in line, sending a multitude of hearts of the ocean came continuously published in local periodicals as a likeness of the sea beast. For me, at any rate, the mystery of Caddy is solved.

—JIM WELSH,  
North Vancouver

## A host of psychologists

Your otherwise excellent, balanced article *The Rise of the New Psychoanalytic* (February, Feb. 25) was marred by a not uncommon limitation of perception. I cannot understand why journalists continue to treat psychologists as though it were the only real understanding of human psychology worth mentioning (in this instance, in opposition to the biological theories). There is a whole host of

psychological and psychiatric practices now in use which are based on decades of experience since Freud. Included in these are the learning theory, family systems theory, behaviour and Gestalt therapy and practice, exchange and interaction psychology. Psychoanalysis is of limited importance to modern psychology, except as something to pay tribute to, in the way that North Americans generally pay tribute to classical music.

—PETER S. CARSON,  
Warrickburg, N.Y.

## A nasty statement about P.E.T.

Western separatist Gordon Kooler's ranting in the Alberta Express on 16th February may be considered astonishing, but if he thinks Western Canada's problems with Ottawa will match by publicly wishing the prime minister will have a heart attack, he had better think again. (A Shout of Western Protest, Canada, March 1) After reading such a statement, I went over the article once more. It says that Mr. Kooler is "a fervent Mormon." Don't make me laugh!

—JIM ANDERSON  
St. Catharines, Ont.

## Rubella vaccine and pregnancy

In your Feb. 8 infectious article *Virally Induced Diseases*, a dangerous statement concerning rubella vaccine is made. "Moreover, when given (via rubella vaccine) to pregnant mothers it protects the fetus from the disastrous consequences of the disease (via congenital rubella)." It so happens that the state of pregnancy is a contraindication for rubella vaccination and the vaccine virus has been shown to cross the placenta and enter fetal tissues.

—PETER J. MCDONALD,  
Virilant-on-Chief, The Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto

## Setting an example

I read with interest your cover story *The Glory of Grubbs* in the Feb. 22 issue. The author wrote that Grubbs "long wish not to pose for photographers" and a TV interview or go out in a high school to encourage kids to turn down their fine cigarette, drink or just "it is unfortunate that the picture facing this statement showed Waples at a liquor-soaked press conference, holding what looks suspiciously like a can of beer. Perhaps more questions should be asked so that pictures verify content."

—ELIZABETH BICE,  
New Glasgow, N.S.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply full address and telephone number. Most correspondence is sent to the Editor. Please send a return address. University Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5S 1A7.

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# Lament of a disaffected Liberal

By Colin Campbell

Please do not get me wrong. I am a Liberal. In fact, I received a Liberal upbringing in Calgary. That is roughly like growing up a Catholic in Orangeville. However, I admit to spotty elsewhere. It is not that I am lapsed. It is just that I vote 50% half the time. The Liberal party used to serve as the marshall for a healthy proportion of the less advantaged and most self-conscious non-68ers. Its lead factor dropped long before Jim Coombs lost Spadina to the street but never. Indeed, we taken so far in explaining why our Liberal generation can only master its tasks in times of clear and present danger. Threats of regressive Tory economic policies in 1974 and 1980 galvanized us all. However, we (weahd (minority governments) through all but one election, 1985, in the '80s. We gave repeat performances in 1972 and 1979. Those of us

who have acquired "a piece of the rock" without suffering quakes have become cryptic. Tories, some, with residual rage over the social injustices faced by our ancestors, but with the STC. Caught between the two factions, our death-faithful party has given up little to fight for. Results of the Gallup poll released Feb. 10 got it about right. On a scale of 100, our index for the cause hovers around 25.

By suggesting that the time has come for Pierre Elliott Trudeau to resign, I am grasping for straws. Notwithstanding all the evidence that our mission is ready for the weekend, Liberals claim a divine right to rule. During the past three years I have joined several party gatherings trying to plot our future. Invariably we have come to the conclusion that few dare utter publicly to preserve our rule, "Trudeau must go." Notwithstanding, do not count me among those who have named the more obvious point. Conversely, the party stands for little worth saving. Trudeau's departure will simply make us aware that we have tried too long to fill a vacuum with faceless leadership.

Trudeau should resign for the good of the party. History will partly mark him as one of our greatest prime ministers, but a party cannot live by his name alone. Early on, Trudeau's charisma energized Liberals. It gave direction to their deep, though seldom voiced, commitments: world peace, creative federalism, industrial development, social justice and responsive and efficient government.

Sadly, Trudeau has taken too little note of Plato's Republic on the corruptibility of the philosopher king. Take a good look at the man whom, in 1960, we saw as a leader of greatness. On the international front, he has taken us up to our eyeballs in American policies. Before, we were only up to our necks. In taken defiance, he serves as an endorsement of martial law in Poland. Of course he can cite his 1970 suspension of civil liberties as a precedent. We duly note his orders for the Third World. We must as well his frequent remarks about Baffin. His getting stranded in an Arctic Anarctic ski resort while on his way to the North-South Dialogue, his co-opting with all-right chiefs and kings, and his govern-

ment's silence on recent atrocities in Central America.

When Trudeau took office we called federalism "co-operative." Ultimately, he set aside constitutional reservation in an effort to force us into his unitary model. It took the intervention of the Supreme Court to save the provinces from becoming administrative districts. After the 1980 election, Trudeau's cabinet (anagrams) set out to fulfill the Liberals' campaign promise of a new industrial strategy. Ultimately, they came up with promises of such for mega-projects designed to provide better infrastructure for housing, road and drinking water. Trudeau's social reforms pale beside King's, St. Laurent's, Pearson's—even DeLoach's. Indeed, his current efforts to cut federal payments to the provinces will turn our retreat from the welfare state into a rout. Ronald Reagan will become green with envy. He has to get his head of the New Deal through two legislatures with teeth.



In 1968, Trudeau held out great hope for parliamentary reform and participatory democracy. In fact, he turned the Liberal machine into such a blind adherent to Westminster-style party discipline that, until last fall, his constitutional advisers failed to understand that Britain's majority government could not run a bogus Canada Bill through its Parliament. Trudeau has misjudged the bureaucracy according to his usage and likeness. Canadians would become outraged if they knew that the staffs and resources available to the prime minister and the cabinet for co-ordinating and controlling

bureaucracy nearly equal, in real terms, those in Washington and more than double those in London. Bill, the government projected, for the current fiscal year, spending that would exceed revenues by 25 per cent.

The bill of particulars simply highlights the ways in which Trudeau's leadership fails miserably short of Liberal ideals. Go to any party meeting off Parliament Hill and you will hear the same indictment in stereo. But, we find ourselves incapable of action. The Liberal view of party discipline makes virtually no allowance for caucuses or party factions that publicly criticize our leader and his policies. The Liberals take little notice from taking serious questions in the David Frost interview. Trudeau always adds his "lets," which so far have prevailed. The longer he stays in office, the farther he will slide down his slippery slope. He requires many more personal accomplishments to cover the failures scrambling against his ultimate capital, namely his place in the history books. As well, too many advisors in his personal bureaucracy will resist radical transformation. They do not want to jeopardize their positions. No, Trudeau will likely lead the party into the next election. If he does, a lot of us will once again be voting Tory or NDP. Of course, we still have time for a palace revolt.

Colin Campbell is associate professor of political science and co-ordinator of the Public Policy and Administration Program of York University in Toronto. His books include *The Superbureaucracy*, written with George J. Stankovic.



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## Decline and fall of a once-great city



By Mark Abley

There used to be a story told as to which was Britain's second greatest city. "These say it's Glasgow," the man from Liverpool answered, "some think it's Birmingham, and some would even say it's Manchester. But here in Liverpool we have no doubts at all. London is the second greatest city in the land." They haven't told that kind of joke for a while because since the Second World War Liverpool has been marked by a steady decline. Since last September, the unemployment rate among the non-

In the light of such massive unemployment, the city's Latin motto, usually translated as GOD HAS GIVEN US THIS COUNTRY, takes on a new and sadder significance.

"Liverpool is the pool of life," wrote Swiss psychologist Carl Jung in 1897. And even today the pool isn't altogether stagnant. This is the home of England's best regional art gallery, of its oldest repertory theatre, of Liverpool's champion soccer team—and of The Beatles. To walk through much of Liverpool today is to walk through another time, for the proliferation of secondhand shop-

The roughest face of the city exists uneasily with the new: relic of the past

ing stores, used furniture depots, cheap crafts and dime stores is surely reminiscent of the depression '30s. Such images coexist uneasily with the bright, big department stores of the new city centre. But to walk around the inner-city district of Toxteth is to step even farther back in history. There are probably no better words to describe it than those of Charles Dickens: "a dreadful spot

... littered in by filthy houses, with a few dull lights in their windows, and as these with a thick bareness broke out like a disease." Dickens was describing 19th-century London, but it could just as easily have been the ravaged streets of 1980s-century Liverpool.

Behind a row of boarded-up terrace houses, two young boys play on a burning garbage dump that stretches halfway down the block. The degradation has gone so far that even well-meaning attempts at improvement seem doomed. On nearby Princes Boulevard, the ten-year-old partnership scheme between central and local government has paid for a two-pinnacled pavilion. But when Liverpool Mayor Michael Heseltine arrived to open it, he was jeered and mocked by local resi-

John Radford with five Limer group rebuilding people



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dents. "What the hell do we want with trees in the road when we've got mushrooms in the tundra and rats in the kitchen?" shouted one black youth, friend one of McEldown's sides. "If I lived in a place like this, I'd be shaking bricks too."

Twenty years ago, the answer would have been simple: demolish the houses and move the people elsewhere, but past experience of enforced modernity in high-rise blocks has proved disastrous. Today it is thought best to renovate old buildings, to preserve a sense of community, and, in Tosterville, less than five months after a month of explosive rioting, looting and vandalism, life has reverted to a semblance of normality. Women with shopping bags take shortcuts unconcerned through the rubble. A school in the heart of the blighted area provides, of all things, a demonstration of serious dining. Twirling over an empty park, an old quarry and the pseudo-Gothic Anglican Cathedral—where Paul McCartney anti-banned as a nightclub and was rejected—looks down at the source of Liverpool's greatness and declares the dock.

In the 19th century, Liverpool merchants built one of the world's first modern docks here on the River Mersey, and a flourishing trade in slaves, cotton and emigrants saw made the city a magnet for business. But it faced ruin, and today Britain, as part of the European Common Market, conducts much of its trade in the other direction. With the disappearance of passenger ships and the growth of containerized cargo, jobs for dockers have dwindled steadily. Although Liverpool remains Britain's largest cargo port for overseas commerce, the statistics are gloomy: in 1980, 30,078 dockers were employed by the Mersey Docks and Harbour Company; the projected figure for 1982 is a



Professor Ridley; the rot has set in

mere 3,886. The company lost more than \$12 million in 1980, eventually prompting the British government to establish the Merseyport Development Corporation, with the task of reconstructing the deficit shallow water wharves of south Liverpool. Few tangible results have yet emerged, although it is hoped that a seasonal garden festival will be held in 1984 on the silted-up Liverpool dock. But whatever schemes for revival are finally set in motion, it seems clear that miles of waterfront will be used for activities that have nothing to do with shipping.

Liverpoolians resent suggestions that bad labor relations are responsible for the city's despair. "The strike record appears high because Liverpool has a high proportion of industries such as docks and car-making that are strike-prone nationally," explains the university's Huber. "In those industries we have as worse a record, and often a better one, than other cities." Ridley prefers to compare Liverpool's plight with that of old industrial cities in such countries as Belgium and West Germany. "It's the same problem. Whether it's

because of dirty air, established unions, old debts or whatever, new industries don't like to go to old areas." But Liverpool also has special troubles of its own. Having grown fat as a port, it failed to diversify sufficiently into manufacturing, making the city especially vulnerable during a general recession. Moreover, many skilled and professional workers have chosen to move their families outside Liverpool. The result is an aging, unskilled population.

The dilemma, in short, are enormous. Joan Rothwell is a guiding force behind the River Lane Community Association, one of the many local projects that make outsiders pause before they declare Liverpool doomed. Starting with no funds, no expertise and no experience, this band of hopeful residents has succeeded in converting an old police station into a community centre that now caters to the needs of pensioners, teenagers, the unemployed and other groups. Not in the River Lane association content to stop there, it is currently working on landscaping an overgrown cemetery and establishing a model farm for urban children who may never have seen a sheep. "There are two tracks one is hard physical work, the other is the mobilizing of people because, sadly, it's easy to become apathetic," says Leona Lennie, a local teacher. "When we played a thousand daffodil balls on an old railway site, one lady said to me, 'I don't know what you bother doing that for—I've got quite used to the apathy.' But most people are very happy to contribute once they know how to get things right."

One of the most difficult tasks facing such groups as the River Lane association is the tangled forest of administration that has to be cleared before almost any project can go ahead. To enlist local organizations in addressing funds and expert advice without falling victim to

Silted-up docks (left), Anglican Cathedral looms above Tosterville: post-industrial area of violence and despair



duMAURIER

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barrenness, one of Britain's oldest community housing associations, Merseyside Improved Housing (MIH), has set up a special advisory service with the aim of helping people help themselves. The results of three years of work have been highly encouraging: the creation of several dozen workshops, recycling centres, gardens, sports halls, day-care centres, and so on. In some districts of Liverpool more than 20 per cent of the land is waste ground, but MIH officer Walter Hennessey refuses to be daunted: "We do sometimes feel like a drop in an infinite bucket. You could argue, 'What's the point of it all?' and our answer is simply that you have to start somewhere. Your allegiance and loyalty are to make sure that a particular project works."

If enough projects work, and if enough housewives are drawn to Liverpool by the generous tax incentives and government grants available to industry, the city will certainly revive. It may be a long, slow process. Many people look hopefully to small firms that have a strong local commitment, but it would take an awesome number of small firms to create 100,000 or more jobs. Proponents, such as Fred Ridley, argue that a revival will happen only when the British government realizes that the huge cost of regenerating Liverpool is less than the cost of letting the city die. The potential for further riots unquestionably exists—though the next time around they may begin in suburban high-rise housing projects rather than in Toxteth. But the seriousness with which the government treated last summer's uprisings suggests something more than a sudden tenderness for Merseyside. It suggests a profound fear that Liverpool, which led Britain into the industrial revolution, may also be leading Great Britain into a post-industrial era of violence and squalor. The few haunting Londoners that far from being a relic of the past, Liverpool may represent the future. What saddens many observers is that it took a few weeks of destruction to wake the government up.

"The best view of Liverpool is the view you get when you're leaving it," says comedian Ken Dodd. And it's true that tens of thousands of people have been taking his tongue-in-cheek advice: the 1981 census revealed that the city's population had fallen by nearly 100,000 in the past 10 years. But it's also true that those remaining seem a long way from despair. "Merseysiders are survivors," says Caddy Pringle, the robust, energetic head of the Merseyside Youth Association. "This period will merge into folklore just as the '60s did. And, you know, people won't remember the pain, pain has a way of receding. They'll remember the laughs." ☐

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## PROFILE: STUART SMITH

# A scientist's escape from political bondage



Smith and wife, Penny, called avowed intellectual, Trudeau chose and edited article.

By David Macfarlane

On the afternoon of Dec. 30, 1983, Stuart Smith rose from his seat in the Ontario legislature to deliver his farewell address to provincial politics. It seems that the 48-year-old Montreal-born psychiatrist had accepted the chair of the Science Council of Canada were considered fact by most of his colleagues, but they were wrong. That Smith would neither confirm nor deny officially, at least, on the day that he was a standing ovation for one of the finest speeches of his political career, his future was uncertain. The reason for his resignation as the leader of Ontario's Liberal party remained what it had been when he first made the appointment in September: "By nature and preference," he had told Queen's Park reporters, "I am not a professional critic."

Two months later, fatter and increased in girth of an early morning flight from Toronto, Stuart Smith sits in the Science Council's Ottawa office and reflects upon a job that he considers anything but a lukewarm. With its modest annual budget of \$4 million and low public profile, the Science Council, established in 1968 to advise the federal government on science policy, might appear to be a dull backwater for a man who relished "the ex-

crucious of politics." But Smith has few doubts about the challenge of his job. "I really feel good," he says quietly, "about being in the right place. I think I'm where I'm supposed to be."

Not everyone has agreed. Although his appointment to the \$13,000-a-year position was welcomed by former vice-chairman of the council, John Shepherd, it was bitterly denounced as a political kiss-off by Smith's predecessor, Claude Fortin, chairman of the department of physiology at Laval University. In an angry telegram to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, in which he resigned two months earlier than planned, Fortin predicted Smith's appointment would have "disastrous consequences on the credibility, independence and effectiveness of the council." Gearing that Fortin's outrage was the result of not being consulted about the appointment, Smith still insists that his qualifications speak for themselves. "Partly as a scientist, partly as someone who understands government and administration, and partly as someone who can sell ideas, I have certain talents to offer. I am happy to say that Mr. Fortin's reaction does not seem to be shared here. I have been welcomed to the council with open arms."

Listened among many European commentators, the Science Council has never commanded much public attention in



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Canada. It is best known for two publications: *Canada as a Consumer Society*, a 1973 report that questioned the dynamics of a high-consumption economy, and *The Windsor Lock*, a 1976 industrial policy study that advocated government intervention to bolster Canada's weak technological sectors. The *Windsor Lock* found its way into the Ontario Liberal industrial strategy while Stuart Smith was the party leader, though it had little impact at the federal level. The number of reports that remain stacked in dusty university basements that the council has never quite known how to blow its own horn in Canada.

That may be about to change. Says John Shephard, "One of the sub-themes of the council has always been whether it should become a fully vocal body. It was eventually decided that it should speak out. The appointment of Stuart Smith would seem to reinforce that decision."

During his weeks between faculty in suburban Burlington, Ont., and a sporadic office at the Science Council, Smith has left Ottawa's tarmac running. With his own generation finally in place—"The economy is smaller, with quality of life a new word"—he sees the Science Council as an irreplaceable asset to a country that has enriched its landscape economy dramatically underneath a steady shower of acid rain. Smith sees a clear connection between Canada's present economic woes and the fact that the national percentage of time spent on research and development has fallen over the past decade to its present level of one per cent, says Smith. "We are going to have to stop wasting words



At Ontario Science Centre, deciding to speak out

carefully as his perfectly treated silk ties. Something of a mystic, he has already inspired extreme reactions in those who have crossed his path. "He was not a congenial, convivial, back-slapping semimadman of political bookman," says Ben Conway, the Liberal MP for Renfrew-North. "Oking Smith's proposed solution to problems such as youth unemployment, domestic energy costs and

health care, Conway adds, "That he was the most creative politician I have known. I can remember his pounding his fist on the table and saying, 'We need find new ways to do things.'" "An arrogant jerk," is Stewart Dunlop's take. "Chile Hoy's blunt assessment: 'Some of his attitudes would make Trudeau look humble.'"

Intrinsically described by friends as intense and energetic and by foes as strident and aloof, Smith seems at times a confusing conglomeration of attitudes. Says Dr. Stan Denner, an associate professor of psychiatry at McMaster University and a longtime friend and former partner of Smith's: "Stuart can be very hard on himself. He has a very high standard of excellence, and he approaches things with an almost pathological combination of the cerebral and the passionate." Smith's wife, Paddy, currently in her first year of law at York University, puts it more simply: "Let's face it, he has a scary face, this person."

Stuart Smith grew up above a grocery store in Montreal's east end, the only child of an unsuccessful garment manufacturer (and his wife a brilliant scientist, he estimates) Smith at the age of 16, As a president of the student union, he organized the campus first strike in 1968 and helped to force the Duplessis government to launch a program of student loans and scholarships. He worked his way through medical school, appearing regularly on a CBC-TV program, *Youth Speaks*. After four years on the show, Smith married his co-host, Paddy Springate. "It is difficult for me to describe how much my wife has helped me over the years," he says. "I certainly couldn't have done it without her."

As a member of the Quebec Liberal party, Smith was part of the delegation that elected Jean Lesage as party leader. In 1965, he hoped that his Liberal credentials would win him the federal nomination in Mount Royal but was asked to step aside by the party to make room for Pierre Trudeau. A network that aggrieved him at the time, it was an irony noted when Smith became Ontario's Liberal leader.

Smith left Montreal

Campaigning in small-town Ontario: 'we could never wear a coat'



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# SUPER, NATURAL

BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

# The winter world of Arctic oilmen

By Gerlen Logge

The raging arctic winds made an unholy din as they rattled the oil rig and punctuated the thin layer of nylon separating a handful of grouse-sustained nephrologists from the -35 C temperatures outside. Two giant heaters blasting hot air across the floor of the dungeo-like derrick were not enough to protect the men from the icy blast of the storm. They cursed the elements and the neo-operative machinery as they gradually lowered a 10-m plate of steel casing through the rig floor. When the casing finally reached the Arctic Ocean seabed, 550 m below the ice on which they sat, they would have to pursue a 61-cm hole previously drilled in the ocean floor—a task similar in hardship to threading the eye of a needle blindfolded at arm's length.

Such were conditions one day last month at Seilgep 15-88, the most northerly of four drilling locations in the high Arctic operated by Panarctic Oils Ltd. of Calgary. Twenty-seven kilometres north of Kibikwanan and 1,250 km south of the North Pole, 2.5 million kg of rig, equipment and fuel rests on snow-covered centres of artificially thickened ice. "It's a helluva challenge drilling up here," says Hugh Adcock, 66, Panarctic's senior

drilling foreman, who has been around rigs since Leduc blew in 1974. "We figure drilling one hole in the Arctic is like drilling 18 holes down south."

From the air, Seilgep, named after a spiky leg marshed fish, is nothing more than a patch of light in a vast desert of 36-hour darkness. Drifting powder now obscures the horizon and sweeps over the close community of 65 men who keep the rig operating around the clock. They range from musicians—many of them Inuit, who do everything from burning partridge to choosing drill cones—so drillers, tool pushers, mud loggers and expensers, sales engineers, surveyors, heavy equipment operators, machinists, electricians, rock and camp attendants.

Working 10-hour shifts

every day for two weeks is not for everyone. It takes a hardy breed of men to survive in the desolate, eerie, seemingly subterranean confines of a northern drilling camp. A surprising number of the men grew up on farms, and they tend to be hard-working, independent and good-natured. There is no room for trouble-makers or laggards in such close quarters. "Some guys stick it out, some go in, some quit. Some guys last two weeks and some come back," says Adcock, who has worked for Panarctic in the North since 1973.

Money and the promise of one to two weeks' holiday at the end of every two-week stint are the big attractions of the job. Take-home pay ranges from \$5,500 to \$9,000 for a three-week stint, with specialists earning more. It's all money in the bank, since room, board and travelling expenses to Kibikwanan or Calgary are paid. Errol Ravey, 42, a solids control expert who earned \$96,000 in 1980, says "It's the only industry in the world where a guy can make the money if he wants. I'm not the kind of guy who can fit into an hotel day after day. One of my greatest pleasures was looking the time clock off the wall." Others work



Panarctic drilling rig in high Arctic, high stakes in search for oil and gas



locations of Panarctic drilling rigs in the Arctic  
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2. Seilgep 15-89  
3. Seilgep 15-90  
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Camp cook, potatoes are common

there to escape the pressures of daily living in the city. And a few weak limitations to overcome a drinking problem—no alcohol or drugs are permitted.

Of course, there's a price for working in isolation. Asked if he had a family, Raven replied "Not anymore. It's another old-fashioned statistic." The sign reads *with status of men who must leave to find their houses rebuilt and their wives gone.* A piece of washroom graffiti in Her Port, Paterson's year-round staging site on the western flank of Mealy in Island, reads "My wife ran away and left me because I was up here and say at home. I forgot what she I was going to say." Kevin Kenna, 36, a road logger whose wife, Patricia, is expecting a child in Calgary in early March, clutches a copy of *The Abolitionist* Father and moments with a curl in his throat. "It takes sterility, especially if you have a family."

Even the single men find it hard. "I tried having a girlfriend four or five times, but it's difficult," says Erik Sells, 32, a forklift operator who started working in the North in 1976. "It's like putting together a jigsaw puzzle getting to know her." Greenhills grow every a room, and while one may not be the subject of many conversations, it's an everyone's mind. The worker, ready to depart, wrote in the diary for "Gung haw! Mealy (Medical evacuation), suffering from vaginal fever."

Still, accommodations are reached. The men are permitted one five-minute personal phone call a week to ease the loneliness. "To be in the wilderness, you have to have a pretty good wife," says Arden. "My wife raised three boys and three girls. And they've never had anything wrong with them." And he adds with a grin, "It's just like a honeymoon each time you go home."

As for their home away from home, it's spartan but comfortable. Gas is the days of thinly insulated dome tents where a niger woke up to find his



Piercing pool, ice is an everyone's friend

shirts frozen to the wall. There's an abundance of food. About 2,000 kg of groceries are flown in weekly for breakfast, lunch, dinner, a midnight meal and soup and sandwiches at 4 a.m. Adjacent to the dining room is the read room, where the men leave their coats and boots, take their coffee breaks, discuss the day's activities and swap tales. It's stocked with a bottomless coffee pot as well as milk, jam, cold cuts, bread and freshly baked pastries—a never-ending anticipation to head up. Despite the rigors of the job, potatoes are everywhere. For the few hours of recreation that exist, there's a vintage recorder that screens a weekly package of 30 feature-length movies and the occasional porno film bagged into camp. Early last month, however, there were only four movies on hand. Appropriately enough, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* was screened repeatedly. There's a lapdancer pool table, and cabbage and potato-into-ice are permitted, though potato is not because winter looms. *L'Amour* and *Pendragon* are widely read.

Both these simple comforts do not come cheap. For a brief three months of water drilling the Seaplan will alone will cost a staggering \$17 million. The project began last November, when nine men, none predestinated buildings, a skidder and a small Bombardier-mounted drill pump helicoptered onto an invisible sheet of ice on the Arctic Ocean. The sheet was strewn with huge boulders of snow and ice ridges, some 10 m tall. Under the glare of two powerful, 1,000-watt lights, some men began to set up camp while others cleared a kitchen, washroom, office and bunkhouse—more being pushed together to form a large common area, and the most important appliances, the coffee pot, was plugged in. It took 170 trips in Lockheed Hercules transport planes before drilling could commence on Jan.

27. The work wasn't without mishaps. On Nov. 25, a Caterpillar fell through a pocket in the ice to the bottom of the sea, while the operator swam to the surface, unharmed. Rebuilding a house inside, he walked 300 m to camp and quit on the spot.

The stakes are high in the northern search for oil and gas. Operating in the high Arctic since 1957, Petro-Canada is owned by a consortium of 30 companies, the largest shareholder being Petro-Canada. It has drilled 185 wildcat wells, discovered 16 million cubic feet of natural gas and an indeterminate amount of

oil. Not a drop of it has gone to market, although the National Energy Board is currently conducting hearings into the Arctic West Project, a scheme to ship liquefied natural gas to markets from Melville Island through the Lancaster Sound south along Canada's East Coast to supply shanty markets in 1990.

With luck, by the time the first pass of exploration lands north in May before the summer thaw, Seaplan will have added to those reserves. When it goes, hardly a trace of its existence will remain—just a bare patch of ice on the barren wilderness ocean. ☐



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## CANADA

# More than one way to skin a seal hunt

By Randolph Joyce

Charles Marquardt Johnson did not deserve the salutation of Duke Rex, began the unsigned letter from Rexford, Mich. "Anyone who takes his living from the waters, streams, and death of animals is less than man," said, like an angel, should be "quashed, unloosed," and the angry message. The 28-year veteran of the Newfoundland seal hunt would, hoped a Seattle, Wash., woman, "treat, slowly and gently," upon arriving in hell. Capt. Johnson's fan mail, coming in a month earlier than usual, assumed a particularly warm season for the violent opponents of the hunt for baby seals as the sea born of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Labrador Strait.

Then, early last week in Strasbourg, France, Peter Dinkler, president (speaker) of the European Parliament, accepted a petition signed by those anti-seal people in Europe, Australia and North America calling for an end to the Canadian hunt. "The move was as easy as signing in my life," said the Dutch socialist, happily. "I've seen some of their babies, because I know that my children have also signed." In the wake of Thursday's non-binding—but influential—160 to 10 European Parliament vote to ban seal pelts, opponents now countries of the European Community 160-125 per cent of Canada's seal pelts are exported to Europe. Canadian Fisheries Minister Ronald LeBlond allowed that Canada was now lost a battle on the sealing front, but not the war. His Tory predecessor, Newfoundland and James McGrath, called on the government to rescind a 1975 agreement giving 85 per cent access to eastern Canadian fish stocks, and so strong-arm the Europeans into changing their minds on banning seal pelts.

For nearly 400 years fishing in summer and sealing in winter's treacherous ice has been a basic way of life for fishermen in Newfoundland and other parts of Canada, enclosing the Gulf of St. Lawrence—and longer than that for the Arctic coast. To northern natives, adult seal pelts still make the finest parka, and to many Newfoundlanders,

and bigger pelts remains an annual spring treat.

But the commercial value (\$12 million in 1981) of what Ottawa considers the annual harvest of a renewable resource like the fishery has come to depend almost entirely on the international sale of the sleek white pelts of the infant, leopards seal to Europe's fashion industry. And gay patterns of codfish-looking "white coats" being clothed to death

was blown over the seal herds of Prince Edward Island by the Greenpeace organization. But more significant of this year's protest tactics was the presence of fellow passenger Paul Hawell, a British member of the European Parliament who flew back to the Council of Europe's Strasbourg modern headquarters in Strasbourg to tell TV cameras "I have seen the seal hunt for myself."

Although Canadian lobbyists who had flown to France earlier in the week said the result of Thursday's ban-the-seals vote had been expected, they lacked shaken when it was announced. "An overtly hostile act—and completely unjustified," declared Paul Marquardt of Ottawa's ministry of fisheries and oceans. Minister Minister William Stanbury, who flew home discouraged even before the vote, said that while European parliamentarians "politely let us have our say, you could see they'd made up their minds in advance."

Against what Stanbury called a "hard-sell propaganda campaign" complete with "horrid pictures" of slaughtered seals—as to mention what around the about a million baby white seal pelts stamped with the appealing faces of seal pups—the Canadian delegation went to go online, reasoned argument and lectures saying BANE 003 000 KAY A BANE.

After the adverse vote, Canadian officials hastened to point out that the issue was "far from dead." Before any report has become law, it must first be approved by the 12 in Brussels and then submitted to the Council of Ministers—a process that could take months. "We will fight the resolution all through the pipeline," vowed Stanbury with Newfoundlandian conviction.

Back in Canada the anti-sealing crew of the Rainbow Warrior, battering its way through thick ice in the Gulf of St. Lawrence to reach the first phase of this year's hunt, was overjoyed by the news from Strasbourg. "We think this is the last year of the seal hunt," said Greenpeace's Canadian Coordinator Patrick Moore from shipboard. The protesters finally drove the bow of their ship up on the ice bearing the main path of seals. Three Greenpeaceers—



Put under the knife off P.B.I., harvesters' propaganda



Harold and Shanon are evenly hostile at

Dalhousie, a U.S. woman and Patrick Wall, formerly of Stephenville. Nid — bounded crusade with oases of green fields and sprayed more than 200 units to open the pills, before officers ordered the demonstrators and charged them with being within half a mile of the base. But while the Warriors proceeded to Gaspé to hunt out the true, news of two missing women out of Halifax were methodically completing the permitted Gulf force of 30,000 pills.

Meanwhile, as Canadian and three Norwegian ships were "in the fat on the front" off Labrador, 150 nautical miles northeast of St. Anthony, where hold a million keep such were congregated over 40 square miles of packed ice. At daybreak last Friday, 200 Canadians and Norwegians jumped onto the ice and began shuffling their chins, skinning pigs, marking skins and getting inside the lippen for dokkade back in St. John's. Sweating under the sunny skies, leaping ridges of ice emerged with unusually thick snow, some was stripped to the waist in the -8 C warmth. By sunset they had 12,000 pills — "a pretty good start" on this year's quota (for Canada \$7,000, for Norway \$3,000), declared federal Fisheries Ed Quigley, who arrived by helicopter in 200, sailors on large ships averaged \$4,000. Even landmen, hating from shore in small boats, averaged \$2,763 — a nice few bucks for usual fishermen with boats to repair and new nets to buy. Some, says Ottawa, make up to half their income from making in these few days each year. That was the only concern of Capt. Mervyn Johnson last week — not his fat mail and certainly not anything happening in Europe.

Harold's heard something about the recipient I came out here," he shouted into his microphone, and signed off to get on with the hunt.

With Peter Levin in Brussels and John Hay in Ottawa.

## THE BOLD

# The bald cure, the naked truth

A part from the quest for eternal youth, few pursuits have intrigued men more than a cure for baldness. Last week, after 36 barren years, Malcolm J. Steele of Toronto called a widely reported press conference to announce proudly that his long search had finally paid off.

Steele, a self-styled "inventor-entrepreneur," greeted Formula men Hair Restorer Lotion, a "treatment for treating excessive hair loss and for significantly increasing new terminal hair growth." In spite of many, the federal Health Protection Branch had already approved the hair-restoring remedy as "safe and effective." Although there is no doubt that the hair on the heads of the inventor and the two medical experts he endorsed the same is real, most after Steele's announcement some disturbing questions began to sprout.

Doctors' has believed that Dr. Howard Denney and Dr. Carl Wyse, dermatologists who carried out clinical studies for Steele and submitted favourable reports to the department of national health and welfare supporting the product's claims, were initial shareholders in the company's company, Malcom Marketing Corp. Steele paid each doctor \$10,000 and gave each 40 shares in his company. In return, each of the two carried out on 40 volunteers two years ago. Both doctors testified that their examination and photographs of volunteers showed "clinically observable hair growth" — although only four of the 40 patients showed at least a 30-per-cent improvement.

Denney, an associate professor of medicine at the University of Toronto, told Moore's that he accepted the shares as a "token" payment and that he did not feel being a shareholder would blur the credibility of his testing. But Wyse, former head of dermatology at Toronto's St. Mary's Medical Centre, says he went back his share two years ago and the advice of his lawyer became he feared "a conflict of interest."

The doctors' financial link with Steele's company came as a surprise to the man who heads the bureau that administers the lotions and ointments — an approval board widely on the two doctors' findings. Says Robert Farmer, director of the bureau of prescription drugs in Ot-

tawa, "It's not a practice for us to determine the financial involvement of investigators." Still, the department is holding firm to its position and considers the doctors' impressive credentials and reputations sufficient evidence to support their scientific study. "After you, any reasonable person might be more concerned about the studies under the circumstances," Farmer added.

Steele says the pills will grow hair anywhere on the body "except the palms of your hands or the soles of your feet." He expects to make the formula available to the public next month through a mail-order sales campaign and hopes to sell up to 500,000 30-mL cans a week for \$100 a case. Each case contains a one-month supply. Steele admits that for most patients even six months of treatment is not enough; it could take up to five years. But Wyse is cautious when discussing the lotion's effectiveness. "I didn't see it grow a complete head of hair," he says. "I don't want to jeopardize my medical status by suggesting it did something I didn't do." Denney, on the other hand, is more impressed with the substance. "It's not infallible, it doesn't help everybody. But, unless I'm been fooled, I do believe this product works."

Dr. Walter Unger, a hair-transplant specialist who heads the Hair Loss Clinic at the University of Toronto, says other dermatologists are "skeptical, to put it mildly." Unger feels the experiment was done in a "scientifically proper" fashion, but he challenges the two doctors to produce a patient who grew a full head of hair after using the preparation. So far, all the public had been shown, says Unger, is a man who grew "patch hair." But for someone who previously was as bald as a billiard ball, perhaps a few strands of hair — at \$100 a shot — is enough. —CAROL BURMAN

Steen with looks — but not on the pains.



# Murder and the star-crossed lovers

By Gordon Legge

It was not merely of *assault on a person* but of *fundamental importance* that justice should not only be done, but should manifestly and undoubtedly be seen to be done. —Lord Eversham, Nov. 8, 1963

As the most bizarre murder trial in Canadian history unfolded in the courtroom in the vaulted ceilings of Winnipeg's Old Court House last week, there were many who felt that justice had not been seen to be done. Paramount among them was Katie Harper, 48, convicted of the first-degree murder of her husband, John Deane, whose naked and broken body was found speckled headless in the floorboards beneath the second-story bedroom window of their home about 28 years ago. Mr. Justice Guy Gauthier, swayed by the glowing, tearful testimony of Katie's two young sons, 17 and 15, and a former boyfriend, sentenced her to life imprisonment, not eligible for parole until the year 2004.

The opinion of Alexander (Sandy) Harper, 58, Katie's estranged second husband, was more difficult to discern. Convinced of second-degree murder, he also got life, but may be paroled in 10 years. The Harpers, separated since 1978, are now men again, starting right off in steady, businesslike lives. But behind them, in the first row of spectators, Katie's three daughters, Kathy, Daphne and Sherry, the first two by her marriage to Deane and the third from her marriage to Sandy. Embodied quietly, convinced of their mother's innocence and united in their hatred for Sandy Award them out a small band of supporters, including Peter Carlin-Gordis, a *Maclean's* correspondent whose Jan. 3, 1991, story led to the charge against Sandy. Embodied on a mission to exonerate Katie, Carlin-Gordis declared: "I don't blame the jury, but I think it is shameful. They had insufficient evidence as to what is a meaningful decision."

When the trial began six weeks ago, Crown Prosecutor George Denekamp theorized that Katie, trapped in an unhappy marriage, had conspired with her lover, Sandy, to kill Deane by drugging him with sleeping pills, was that they had a pillow and their sleeping bag

near-dead body out of the window. In fact, he set it likely over to find out exactly what happened in the early hours of June 3, 1969. Police, although suspicious, ruled the death accidental, the result of barbiturate poisoning. Initially, Katie told police that her husband accidentally crawled out on the roof for a last-crowning cigarette and that he must have fallen.

Then, after 17 years of silence, Douglas Shelders, Daphne Harper's then

admit that she had supplied Deane with a couple of sleeping pills — 60 his request — and helped Harper push the body out of the window. "I will never forget the thrill as long as I live when he let the sidewalk," Katie told police.

Katie believed she would be a Crown witness against Sandy, but she alone was charged. In the end, 18 months later, in September, 1978, of first-degree murder. Six witnesses were called in Katie's defense and, although

she maintained her innocence, she never took the stand. She was convicted on the strength of a final thread of evidence in which she supposedly admitted to dropping three sleeping pills into Deane's coffee, although there was no record of such an admission in the lengthy police transcripts of her interview. In May, 1979, an appeal was launched citing several errors in law and including a statement from her defense lawyer that he had been insufficiently prepared to defend her.

Carlin-Gordis filed an affidavit with the Manitoba Court of Appeal suggesting that the Crown's case was scientifically impossible, since the sleeping powder, Solman Amytal, produced a bitter taste impossible to disguise in coffee. For almost a year, Carlin-Gordis, now 35, had thought Katie was guilty. But as she investigated what he felt to be the case's irregularities, he changed his mind. To date, he has invested \$15,000 of his own money, and several thousand hours, pouring Katie's innocence and writing a book on the case.

In December, 1988, the Supreme Court of Canada unanimously overturned a Manitoba Court of Appeal judgment, tossing out the sleeping pill evidence and awarding Katie a new trial. After 27 months in jail, Katie was freed on \$15,000 property bond, set up by Carlin-Gordis's wife, Cathy.

Despite Sandy's persistent denial, police charged him with first-degree murder. Sandy then told his revised standard version. He had arrived at the Deane home and found him "almost gone." Although he took a few minutes, he couldn't bring himself to another Deane and returned downstairs leaving Katie to finish up. After that, he helped push the body out of the window. "I've done a lot of things in my life, but



Katie Harper and Welch two students and first father

common-law husband, turned out of her story about what transpired that evening. Shelders, revealed as a police informant who had been paid \$500 for his trouble, persuaded her to drop the case. In an oral statement Katie explained how Sandy had murdered her husband. She said he had come to the house after her husband had gone to bed, he made some cookies but she pretended, saying her husband and children were asleep upstairs.

A drunken Sandy commented, "It's that," and walked upstairs. A few seconds later, Katie said, she watched "knifed" as Sandy strangled her husband after a brief struggle. Only later did Katie — a nurse at the time —



Meper and sheriff. "She does the job herself"

not that I never killed a man in my life, but I said "I couldn't even kill an animal. She does the job herself!"

Then, the jury of seven men and five women, thanked and dismissed by Mr Justice Kraft last week, were faced with the awkward task of sorting through a welter of conflicting and often circumstantial evidence, hampered by incomplete facts and fading memories. Since the two stood trial jointly and most of the statements of one could not be used against the other, much of the trial was held in "voir dire," with the jury absent, so that the judge could rule on the evidence's admissibility.

Juries were told how, at the original autopsy, Dowd's stomach was full and blood samples were vaguely labelled and mixed. Senior toxicologist William Radlyk revealed that he had discovered just four days before appearing on Feb. 11, that he had misidentified in 1969 the amount of barbiturate in the body, meaning that the dosage was within the normal therapeutic range and not lethal.

The jurors heard two of Katie's daughters detail their nightmare childhood, terrorized by Sandy's brutal alcoholic outbursts. Kathy Tur, whose father was John Brown, recounted how Sandy forced her to bargain with "sexual favors," while Sherry Hinger said she witnessed in the garbage can rather than risk encountering her father's wrath by leaving the room to go to the bathroom. On the stand, the daughters, along with others, loaded their mother's generous love and protection, selfless in her dedication to shield them from their father's attacks. "When my mother comes into the room, it's like the sun coming out from behind

the clouds," said Sherry. Summing up, Wicks advised: "If you believe a book can be written 10 years from now that, when you read it, would create a reasonable doubt, then you must have reasonable doubt now." The jury had few questions. After deliberating for eight hours, at 9:58 a.m. on March 12—Katie's birthday—Foreman Kenneth Stephenson delivered the verdict. Katie had planned the murder while Sandy knowingly helped her.

Descending the courtroom steps with police, a *Western* Press reporter, Kevin P. Cook, asked Sandy what he thought of the verdict. "It was fair," he muttered. But Katie's supporters, better and shrewer by the severity of the decision, vowed to free her. An appeal is planned. "We are fighting a war and this is just one battle," said Carolyn Gordon. Added Katie's daughter Graham: "The only crime my mother committed was that she tried to protect her children." And, as Katie told Maclean's the morning before her execution, "What mother hasn't tried to protect her children?"

#### VANCOUVER

### Two Mounties for 'a friendly chat'

Lady Macleod was taking a shower one morning last month when the doorbell rang. Ludlow ignored it, he was late for his job selling auto products in Vancouver and it was probably only a salesman, he thought. The doorbell rang again. And again. "This is the police," a man shouted. "We just want to have a friendly chat."

Friendly or not, Ludlow wasted no time pulling in his pants and, he says, was soon being grilled by two Mounties from the last responsible for guarding Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and other VIPs of slightly less lofty rank. Cpl D.W. Bender and a fellow officer spent an hour peppering Ludlow with such questions as: "If you are the person I am supposed to be speaking to, how did he support himself (as a salesman), was he a Canadian (he is not) and was he a member of a political party (he is not). And all because Ludlow wrote a letter."

And because he sent it to MP Bill Yurko. Chid. Elmslie (Rust), and had it passed around Parliament Hill. Among other

things, Ludlow complained that the new committee did not guarantee Canadians the right to private property and that the country was headed toward a socialist dictatorship under Trudeau. "Mr. Trudeau in his various writings and speeches has told us what he is going to do and how," Ludlow wrote. "Maybe we should pay attention. It is possible to see that a socialist dictatorship is his goal and that deliberate ambiguity is part of his technique."

Since that sort of rhetoric can be heard in other parts of the country as well, why did it rate a visit from the Mounties? Spokesman Sgt. Lynna Henschel refuses to say anything about the incident, and Yurko says he did not even know about the investigation. "This letter didn't alarm me one bit," Yurko told Maclean's. "To me it was similar to a series of letters I've received on the constitution. They might have checked it out because it came from a political organization instead of an individual."

Ludlow is, in fact, chairman of the Constitutional Reform Involvement Committee, a group that has only eight members. They are all followers of the late Ayn Rand, a writer and philosopher who believed that only through private property and capitalism could man be free. The committee's headquarters and Ludlow's apartment, filled with esoteric texts and files of future prospects for track-of-ukies, are one and the same. "It's a shock when you realize that the secret service is at the door," Ludlow said. "The fact that they came violates a major principle if you believe we live in a free society. There was no threat intended or implied in that letter, and I have not, in any way, advocated violence against anyone." But for a liberal philosopher devoted to the common good, the thoughts of Ayn Rand, author of *The Virtue of Solitude*, apparently are not to be taken lightly.

—MALCOLM GRANT IN VANCOUVER

Ludlow: the letter was not taken lightly



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COVER

# The shadow over Parliament

By Mary Jonigan

**I**t begins as a house footnote in the parliamentary chronicles, a procedural war of the wills between the Liberals and the Conservatives over the timing of a routine vote. But when the Commons division bells changed their fortune and futile messages to that vote through a ninth consecutive sitting day last week, the footnote swelled into a grim new chapter in the history of Canada's democratic traditions. Even when the first vague outlines of a compromise finally filtered through the rumors, the parties remained locked in a face-saving duel that it would be to prevent business around this week and that will deepen the already antagonistic Commons mood for months to come.

Before the settlement could be hammered into place—and that permitted to be the focus of around-the-clock negotiations among House leaders for several days—the Conservatives boasted that they had won the war with a premeditated ploy that paralyzed the chamber. The Liberals countered with conflicting claims. And while many Canadians eyed the spectacle with mounting consternation and frustration, experts

worried that the episode demonstrated that the ideals of the country's parliamentary system are no longer cherished—and perhaps are no longer workable.

The outlines of a possible face-saving settlement were drawn by Liberal House Leader Yvon Pinard late last Friday after most were held Ottawa for the weekend. The stalemate began when the Conservatives refused to enter the Commons until the Liberals sat down at the negotiating table to discuss the form of the extraordinary 160-page anti-nuclear energy bill. The Liberals, in turn, had refused to compromise until the Conservatives stopped the division bells by voting on their routine motion. Finally, Pinard suggested that the vote could be taken and that the Commons agenda could then be switched from debate on the energy bill to a standard Opposition day. The House leaders could meanwhile tangle in private to consider the contentious energy legislation. This coordinated peace offering was designed to assuage everyone's pride because the bill could be negotiated after the bells had stopped ringing but before the energy bill had back onto the Commons floor. A triumphant Conservative House Leader Erik Nielsen ac-

knowledgeed that the solution seemed satisfactory. In Vancouver, Joe Clark said the Liberals appeared to have given a long way toward meeting all of the party's demands.

Still, the flurry of press conference signals and counter-signals did not mean that the deeper crisis had been resolved. That is because the standoff has seriously eroded the prestige of all politicians. Allan Gregg, president of the authoritative Decision Research Ltd., said that the Conservatives originally made a disarming public mood of discontent with the Liberals when they launched their blockade. Since the Tories did not concentrate on the details of the energy bill, Gregg feels that they evoked in many Canadians "a nebulous general feeling that the Liberal government is trying to do something but again."

But the issue began to backfire as the crisis continued. "There has never been one Canadian citizen in the thousands of polls we've done who is concerned about the abuse of Parliament," says Gregg. "If this crisis is prolonged for a very extended period of time, people will just grow tired of it and say, 'Get on with other stuff' because that something had isn't very important. There are

never going to be people on Parliament Hill protesting against the abuse of Parliament." Gregg predicts that the issue will not touch any party's standings in the polls "simply because it isn't very important." And that, in turn, means that the parties were probably waging a grand war long after the principles had been settled and the public had ceased to pay attention. Late last week, the angry Toronto Star almost inadvertently confirmed Gregg's diagnosis with a gleeful headline: **WHO NEEDS THEM—EXTREMISTS DOING FIVE WITHOUT PARLIAMENT**.

Nonetheless, the crisis had disrupted at least three weeks of regular Commons business because both sides were armed for a protracted war with handy principles. Although Commons Speaker Jacques Savard proclaimed that the disputed energy bill was in order, many eminent parliamentary experts are distressed by its contents and its implications. The one thing, the fear now sets are simply attached to the bill as schedules—a format normally used for such technical information as lists of numbers. The complicated bills, which run from 11 to 19 pages, deal with exploration incentive grants and faster increased Canadian ownership of the oil and gas industry. "This business of putting in new legislation as a schedule is already novel if not absolutely unprecedented," fumed constitutional expert and former Liberal senator Eugene Forsey. "This bill really is an astonishing and fantastic production—a most extraordinary performance," he de-

clared. "I call it tomorrow. The thing is pretty complicated, and we're running serious risks."

The bill also has drawn efforts on the traditional method of imposing taxes on oil and gas revenues. It formally sanctions these three taxes so that the government can triple them without a voting trip to Parliament. This increases traditionally take effect when a wage-and-means motion is tabled in the Commons. However, if the Canadian bill passes, these taxes can be tripled by a mere order-in-council. Thus, in turn, means that up to 38 cents could be added to the price of a litre of petrol without any discussion in Parliament. The Conservatives argue that this is an issue will automatically push up the ad valorem federal excise tax and prevent issues so that the actual tax increase could be closer to 10 cents. "That's quite ahead of and obviously most inappropriate," commented Forsey. Conservative energy critic Harvie Andre declared that "it is an exceedingly dangerous principle, only a teeny little step away from doing that in terms of income tax. If we had a barter and some ties, I'd throw it in."

Still, the Liberals could also muster serious and legitimate arguments to defend their cause. It is a tradition of parliamentary democracy that the governing party determines the timing and the content of legislation. Then it must answer to the electorate for its deeds. The Conservatives turned that age-old

Clerk holding energy bill the near-empty House, and Savard a give new chapter in the history of democratic traditions

concept on its head when they insisted that they would not return to the Commons until the government finished with the bill. They demanded that the Liberals, "if we agreed to it Oppose- tion demands on what the legislation should be and the form it should take, Parliament would just formally disavow," complained David Brady, the parliamentary House secretary. Pinard linked the standoff to this concept and then complained that "it is very clear that the government of Parliament is not negotiable."

These lofty principles, however, were seldom and distorted throughout last week by each party's determination to emerge as the big winner in the battle. Although both Pinard and Wilson made daily appeals to the microphones to boost their causes, there were never any direct discussions between the two men or their aides. The Liberals had insisted that they could not negotiate because that would set a disastrous precedent. But in March 1981, when the Conservatives blocked the well-known constitution patriation resolution with endless points of order, the House leaders solved the dilemma with a behind-the-scenes deal on the timing. Meanwhile, the Conservatives stubbornly refused to acknowledge Pinard's consistent hints that he would change the bill if the Tories would appear for the vote.

The continued posturing disen-



Power: the supremacy is not negotiable

educated New Democratic Party House leader Ian Deane, the long-suffering mediator in this dispute. For two weeks Deane repeatedly called his fellow leaders in a peacemaking bid, and it was his suggestion that laid the foundations for a settlement. But Deane had little hope that the current angry Commons mood would dissipate. "Everyone talks about parliamentary reform," he muttered, "but the only reform that's needed is a reform between the ears of the members."

Researcher the one person who might have been able to solve the dilemma unilaterally—the beleaguered Speaker—refused to act. And his reputation has noticeably suffered. The impasse was created because long-standing practices holds that both the government and the opposition whip must be present when a vote is taken. Presumably experts agree that this is a tradition—not a rule—and that Speaker could have called the vote whenever she wished. In the early 1980s, former Speaker Roland Michener felt sure enough that if they did not return he would take a well-earned nap. And although he won't comment directly on Speaker's dilemma, he says, "I think that I set a few precedents, so I take it that she does have that right."

Speaker, however, has been loath to set precedents since she assumed the Speaker's post in April 1989. As a result, she steered throughout the area that the House gets itself into a mess—the House gets itself out of a mess. Politicians on all parties privately acknowledged that if Speaker called the vote, she would have been politically discarded because she had taken a momentary setting stand after months of holding her nose the most face the judgment of such renowned procedural experts as John Stewart, a

St. Francis Xavier University political theorist. "I find it a bit strange that people say the Speaker cannot do her duty because she'll be destroyed," says Stewart. "That's what duty sometimes involves."

Above all, the conflict dramatized the current negative attitude of both the Liberals and the Conservatives to Parliament. The novel Tory tactic of belittling it, in fact, only the latest manifestation in a protracted attempt to derange the flow of Commons business. And that disruption increased with the appointment of Shivers as House leader last September. Since Jan. 25, the Opposition has consumed more than 80 vital hours with points of order and questions of privilege—and some of the issues have involved clearly flammable issues. Biting dealing with farm loans and farm marketing took eight days of debate—although the Conservatives finally voted for them. A housing relief bill took another eight days—although the Conservatives also voted for it.

The Liberals, however, must bear their share of responsibility for the impasse. Although they never critic Andre Gosselin's suggestion last December that the bill should be split, Housing Minister Marc Lalonde refused to touch it unless the Conservatives agreed to limit debate on everything. That attitude reflects a long-standing habit of disapproving the parliamentary process. Cabinet ministers admit that such

## The standoff has seriously eroded the prestige of all politicians. And it evoked a general sense of unease

serious public issues as Vin Ruff spending have never been properly considered because many spending proposals are taken into consideration and then they are not taken into consideration. For detailed debate, Nuland charges that the energy bill showdown was vital because "the stakes are far too great—the issue is simply whether or not the parliamentary process will belong to all Canadian citizens or the Liberal party."

The existence and the collision of these two opposing attitudes has seriously destabilized parliamentary experts. In his book *The Canadian House of Commons—Procedure and Reform*, political scientist, James H. Stewart, says that Canada suffers from a "new mood" syndrome that has isolated both parties. "More and more, the Liberal members are isolated from men and women who



Deane: a call for reform between the ears

never served in Opposition and who consequently tend to regard the House as an unfortunate restraint on their efforts. Stewart wrote: "They fail to see that the constitution does not put the government against the House but that it provides for government through the House."

Stewart also insists that "the Conservatives tend to become opposed, not simply to the ministers but to the system. Many Conservatives believe that any change in the rules that makes the House work better almost by definition is beneficial to the Liberals."

The energy blockade vividly dramatized all these fears. Former deputy justice minister Shivers' denouement, an expert on legislative drafting, says that he is "shocked" by the implicit attitude of the energy bill. "Took all that time to tell already defunct members of Parliament from giving it proper consideration, and that's almost like blackmail," he says. Stewart charges that Conservative leader Joe Clark "has fallen over the oppositional view that 'We don't need to make this place work—we can bring it down.' The view that this, in turn, should disturb all Canadians." "It's certainly in contrary to our traditions—our tradition is that despite the things that do take us, we are agreed as some things, and one thing is that the House of Commons works," he insists. "Now our disagreement have become so strong that we're breaking down that basic agreement. Responsible government is not in the British North America Act—it's an understanding—and that understanding seems to be eroding." By that definition, the energy standoff was only the symptom of a serious parliamentary malady. And Canadians could only hope that both parties would eventually take a more

# The deals behind the Commons' back

Newfoundland MP Jim McGrath, the former Conservative minister of fisheries and oceans, passed elegantly refurbished Blue Book of the Opposition along the perils of Opposition. There is the controversial \$44,800 salary and tax-free expense allowance, a staff of four, a free Air Canada pass, the latest electronic word processor, no position or telephone bills and free trips abroad. But McGrath's voice wells into an angry roar as he concludes the litany of largesse: "You've given me all that—and taken my power away."

Historians aside, McGrath's resignation about the impotence of Parliament are shared by a growing number of MPs and ex-MPs. The frustration, in part, stems from the Tory stand on the Long Division that has paralyzed Parliament. By their apathy, the massive energy bill that produced the Ottawa stalemate is only the latest example of legislators leaving the task—and last equipped—to approve major changes in the course of the session.

There is an impressive body of evidence to support their case. Canadians now feel their cars at Bob's Petro Canada pump, owing to the \$1.4-billion takeover of Petro-Canada, but the elected members still must reluctantly sanction the tax that pays for the purchase. Each year thousands of denizens—\$11 last week alone—are not even allowed before Parliament but can far from the cabinet in the form of orders-in-council which authorize everything from judicial appointments and bureaucratic salaries to municipal tax breaks and spending by Crown corporations. Cabinet is decided to abolish 50 per cent of VIA Rail's passenger service, a first had the Canadian Transportation Commission's (CTC) rulings that service be maintained, then burned the CTC from reviewing the new policy.

Prime Trudeau once said that MPs were nobodies when they left Parliament Hill, but former Tory prime minister's adviser James Gillies admits that Trudeau was wrong. "What is correct," Gillies observes, "is that 30 million from Parliament to the MPs are nobodies" but for Parliament Hill they are nobodies.

In fact, in committees of the House, they are verbal canards. The rules of Parliament and governing party dis-

pose enough most ordinary MPs to the status of political pygmies. Committees, for example, are barred from retaining investigations, a responsibility that remains with government. Accordingly, while a Commons commission's inquiry on the sinking of the oil rig *Costa Ranger* is ongoing, a probe is underway by the federal government in Washington last week brought embarrassed Canadian MPs the first public evidence



Simpsonton Petro-Canada station: snatches on Parliament Hill

on the tragedy off Newfoundland—provided by company officials. Senator John G. Coffey, Liberal spokesman of the committee charged with reviewing government regulations, observes, "We have no power—or anything else." As if to prove the point, last week the committee had to approve a transport department's offer to appear after he used last month that he was too busy to break off from departmental duties.

In theory, committees now have more scope for detailed scrutiny of departmental spending estimates. But the Lambert report commission on financial management in the public service concluded in 1978, "The review of estimates is a mere formality." Only a small handful of MPs consistently submit to the drapery of committee work on estimates, while the press seeks to chase simpler stories elsewhere. At the

same time, committees are understaffed and ill-equipped to deal with the weight of national financing. Even though committees customarily fail to scrutinize spending by all departments, the real motion authoritatively are deemed to be passed on May 31 each year. The tab that annals the rubber stamp this spring is \$76.3 billion. Even though the bills are placed on budget, they are heard in the House, where outside reports can be called.

Not only that, billions of dollars are spent on programs that do not even come before Parliament for approval. Of the estimated 460 Crown corporations, 36 of the most powerful submit their capital budgets, but no multi-year plans, to the cabinet for approval. Parliament eventually gets the figures, but it is approving the appropriations only have so little information that they never really know how the money will be spent.

Parliament's public accounts committee, typically after the fact, did find Eldorado Minerals Ltd. to account last March for closing the Uranium City, Sask., mine with a loss of \$29 million. In the past five years the company spent \$115 million from its capital budget operating up the town and improving the mine site. The firm now acknowledges that the closing will cost an additional \$180 million.

Eldorado and other Crown corporations argue that their business is not Parliament's affair. Yet a deal made between the cabinet and Eldorado last May before the claim to corporate independence. The government turned over \$200 million of its own money to the firm to develop and manage a world price shock. The terms amount to a four-year gift: the company will "pay back" the loss by issuing \$100 million in common shares and \$200 million in preferred shares, with a 10 per cent dividend. While Eldorado gets to use proceeds from the sale of the yellow-oxide, it doesn't have to pay dividends to the sole shareholder—the government—until 1998.

Auditor General Kenneth Dyck, Parliament's official spending watchdog, is especially outraged that the House fails to submit to a comprehensive audit of the books. "They're not paying with their money," he observes. "They're dealing with your money and no money on taxpayers." Like Joe

Clark's government before, the federal Liberals are actively reviewing ways to tighten the rules on Crown corporations. But instead of an omnibus bill, the government is leaning to administrative change that gives a few more dimensions of corporate plans. Diebolds, however, that the cabinet's plan "doesn't seem to be moving anywhere."

Parliament is at a standstill at a different set. Even with the current session over, the institutions may have to deal with reform of its rules. The consensus of concerned MPs on both sides of the

House is that MPs need more freedom—to start their own inquiries and to obtain more expert counsel. Government House Leader Yves Fauriol is committed to House reform too. The real problem, however, is that the Government has ceased to function as a chamber of the national conscience. The ruling Liberals, by House tradition, force their members to vote for government bills. That practice tends to stifle legitimate regional objections on the government side, already benefit of members from Western Canada. The Conservatives, in

turn, have never accepted their 1980 defeat and conduct House business as if the latest poll were an election result.

In the celebrated phrase of cartoonists Credit Union leader Robert Thompson, "Parliament is being turned into a political arena." That's as it should be, and always was. But, like an endangered porcupine, the political arena needs some new rules. It needs less snatching and better stakeholding. Above all, it needs more respect, which the players alone can regain by clearing up their acts.

—MURRAY LEWIS

## The man who shouted 'Bombs away!'

There is something of the old bomber pilot in Erik Nielsen—a menacing, relentless obscurity and a rocky faithfulness. With his head on the rack and fury in his eyes, he can frighten even his own men. Nielsen, indeed, Nielsen learned a political trade while flying Liberators over occupied Europe: "We had a saying in the air force," he explains, "a bastardized jingoism, regardless: 'When we had a particularly difficult target, it was going to be real hard.' So the man who set the bells ringing in Parliament."

It was this attitude that was seen as a distinguished flying cross by the time he came home to law school after the war, an English brick on his arm. The same brick on his life has sustained much of his 35-year career in the Conservative as an MP for which he has been called a "bomber pilot." Nielsen, after starting single-mindedness over by the standards of party politics, has made Nielsen by turn respected and feared along the Liberal benches. He has always believed, as his old leader John Diefenbaker used to say, that "the duty of the Opposition is to turn out the government"—not for Nielsen this duty comes with that generally good relations among MPs in the House.

As noted as Conservative Leader Joe Clark named Nielsen his House leader last fall, New Democrat veteran Stelmach knew him a word with government. Nielsen, a former Liberal MP, was playing courtship, threatening and abusive phone calls and letters. Worse still, as did his secretaries and his wife. "I did not disturb me, because the world is full of that kind of women," Nielsen told *Maclean's* last week. "But it disturbed my wife." In

tempted bribery involving a bill application for a drug policy, which ultimately reached two ministers and forced the resignation of Prime Minister Lester Pearson's own parliamentary secretary. Pearson's popular justice minister at the time, emerged from the scandal with his judgment impaired by a public inquiry and his political career wrecked. Pearson died a harassed man in 1967.

Harrying the Liberals with the

fact, Pamela Nielsen suffered terrible distress in those years. She died in 1968, leaving her husband with two sons and a daughter.

For nearly 23 years Nielsen withdrew from political activity to attend to his taste for combat even though he kept winning his Yukon seat in each election. In 1978 he tried and failed to win the leadership of the Yukon Territory. But the next year the Clark Conservatives won the federal election, and Nielsen was a cabinet minister for the first time—taking over the public works portfolio. Within months, the Tories were defeated. And Nielsen was among the Ministers of the Clark ministry—they had waited as long to "turn out the government" and had held power for such a painfully brief period. The pugnacious lion had one more reason to loathe the Liberals.

As Clark's tactician for the daily Commons Question Period last year, Nielsen consumed the Tories' constituency list—Liberal—the most track of ferocious debate by harrying the Speaker with pertinent points of order and questions of privilege.

By then, Nielsen had shown his immense value to his late-served leader—who had again by arranging the

so-show vote that paralyzed Parliament for the past two weeks. Says Tory Whip Bill Kempling, "Nielsen is a hell of a good lawyer, a damned fine partisan wringer and he is a student of parliament." Nielsen, just the same, Clark concluded, in customary Commons strategy during his own leadership travels. There were, moreover, no doubts about Nielsen's loyalty: he was 88, his wife's name was Pamela, Nielsen the Grits.

—JOHN ELIZ



Nielsen: "a student and a damned fine partisan wringer"

## SPORTS

# From beer bellies to box office

By Trent Frayne

The outbreak of peace in baseball last summer ended a days and nights of emotional roller coaster, and within a week the best batting streak and most head-bashing throwing motion on earth were accompanying their owners to Cleveland for the star game. There, stiff-necked pitchers graced strikeouts and home-run hitters hit homers, underlining, unapologetically enough, that the virtues of spring training are more than a trifle exaggerated.

Tall men in short pants have been leaving baseball at an alarming rate in Florida since the beginning of February, when numerous city parks in the peninsulas of the New York Yankees arrived in Fort Lauderdale. By March only Wayne Gretzky and Steve Podolski were getting more ink in *Manuel* and *Symphony* than the Expos and the Blue Jays. There was an excuse for this in Toronto, where hard thinking newscasters will do almost anything to avoid viewing the Maple Leafs. Not even with the Canadiens flying again, Montreal's photographers and commentators and a bubble of disjuncts were warming up in West Palm Beach for next October's World Series between the Expos and some hapless bunch from the American League.

But as the all-star game illustrated and as almost forgotten Second World War measures established, ballplayers do not require a suit-kissed spring training adventure nearly as much as the owners do. The owners need that gossip-rich ink to sell the product. For their part, the players could hardly employ, say, three weeks in a batting cage in some northern army or college field house to make their fit for duty in early April on the frozen tundra of Wrigley Field, Olympic Stadium, or the velvet sea in the shores of Lake Ontario (where the Blue Jays reside) who doubt they're doing so on a night like this? For ballplayers to tell second Florida and Arizona for six weeks getting ready to freeze on opening day is the north is the shortest form of folly. It's a madhouse for the hard-thinking newscasters making him about as much a phenomenon in the exhibition games, but for actual preparation for the season spring training is a delightful job (your secret is down there at this very moment). The guys get in shape, all right, but when they get north they

begin sitting out portions.

Just a year ago on opening day in Toronto, the Blue Jays' shortstop from Santa Domingo, Alfredo Griffin, stood, teeth chattering at the batting cage, awaiting his turn to take a few swings.

"Have you ever been this cold?" a newscaster, on finding, asked him shivering.

"Sure," Griffin replied only. "Last year this time."

Once, spring training was stilled by ball clubs to means talent, get arms and

this even a million dollars couldn't purchase the newspaper and radio and television exposure that puts out drawing area. Everything, pitchers—seasoned products such as Toronto and caps and jackets and all other stuff that the ball club's symbol, the mail orders for opening-day tickets, season tickets, everything. It'd be hard to overstate the impact of spring training—in the north.

The impact in the south is varying enough. Upward of 40,000 people are apt to be found at the Graeford League park extracting non-arms from the twenty seats in their circumstances, no Blue Jay or Expo hopeful dodging a ground ball with his forehead as he tried to reach the infirmary without being interviewed.

No, spring training isn't necessary—not in the south and not at such length—to prepare ballplayers for the 162-game grind. In the last years of the Second World War, travel restrictions kept Indians in the north for a few weeks in New Mountain, N.Y., and Ashbury Park, N.J., and French Lick Springs, Ind., and similar suspects. Yet penance runs were close, and, unemployment was high, attendance records remained and the proprietors could happily over the box office and concession stands.

The phenomenon of spring training began quite suddenly. In the 1880s, ballplayers spent the winter either on their own beer-drinking, and as John Lardner once wrote, "the players were as wild as their mistresses." When a new season rolled around they needed two months to flatten their bellies. But one day in 1898 it occurred to Ray, then, the manager of the Chicago White Sox, that his players might be more if they binged him. His solution was to take the 35-man squad to Hot Springs, Ark., a short time before opening day to let the waters steady the brew from their pots.

By extension, perhaps, or because the White Soxers avoided the bad players, they dominated the standings in the late 1890s. So rival teams had to send their sassy lots into the baking sunbath, too. Game Mack, the tall, sleepy old gent who later owned and led the Philadelphia A's, once admitted his playing days with Washington around 1895 when the team rented two wooden shacks in Jacksonville, Fla., at a dollar per man per day, including breakfast. Since then, things have



BOMB

legs in shape and deliver a little late-morning baseball gossip to the sports pages. These days it's mostly the other way: talent in amuse and bodies are honed, all right, but more than anything else spring training has become the owners' vehicle for pushing booze, and, in the United States, baseball, the hell of the sports page so that some baseball tickets can be sold.

"It takes \$250,000 to run the Blue Jays' major-league and minor-league camps at Dunedin, Fla.," says Peter Bavasi, who ran the organization in its first five seasons and resigned late last year. "We'd get back only about \$50,000



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# Canada

## PEOPLE

The hard knocks of Montreal-born singer **Clara Bennett's** childhood grew into a career that has taken her to the riches of Canadian music. The 37-year-old, who brightened the night when she sang at the **Genie Awards** show earlier this month, grew up in an orphanage and five foster homes. "I guess I was often the only black child in a white family," she says. "I was called a 'mud'." As a female, who endured school-yard beatings and even sexual attacks (that she says, to foster brother **Shawn Thomas** looked on for her, but they were later separated and eventually lost touch. When she was 16 and had begun to establish herself with the **Genie** music band, she discovered that the Quebec chapter with the new name, **Rock N' Roll**, was her long-lost protest. **Nicole (aka Thawless)** and **Erinette** now have hopes of recording a album in French Montreal, while **Shawn** is pursuing new connections in the U.S. Bennett, in her next work's talented talent relations, the **De Mysterio Search** for

**V**eteran NIMBY **Stanley Knowles**, 73, is making a courageous comeback from a stroke five months ago—but he has not lost his partisan edge. Now representing his state, Knowles is rebuilding his energetic, aware that he may not be able to return to his duties as House leader. He returns regularly to radio newscasts because he still has trouble reading. But Knowles has retained his ability to see things as they are. He is a member of the House Newsmaster network, he is loud about his "good friend" **Abbe Martin**, who won him a kind note and a box of treasured *Arrested* benefits during his hospital stay. True to form, an unyielding Knowles could not resist a dig at France murders bearing up. "That's the only country now," snarled Stanley, "somebody who makes us eat lots of broccoli."

Last week, Jan Tarmann startled media-watchers by announcing her jump to the Global Television Network after 15 years with the CBC. The 40-year-old journalist, who worked her way up from secretary to first woman reader for *The National*, has also been a fixture on CBC-TV's *Saturday Report* and the high-school quiz show *Jeopardy for the Day*, where she says she obtained a "PhD in trivia." But, beginning next



**Singer Calcula Figuras: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 8**

search, the dates at Global co-resharing the six a'clock nightly news with veteran **Peter Trueman**—will be anything but trivial. The Ontario network hopes Trueman will bolster its weak showing against CMC's leading new stars of **Heidi Kury** and **Valerie Sim**. "The news really looked at ratings, but now I'll have to," says Trueman. For his part, Trueman responded to the arrival of his pretty, intelligent colleague with relief: "Now I can go away to ratings periods, which before was a no-no."

*Journalized Tannery pairs with Treatment*



They're Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's (1989-1992) nieces. They have not approved this or any grandchild, Frank Wright, says. "I'm the real grandstander, but she is singing in the Canadian Guild—the formidable Ottawa choir currently manipulated by Liberal minister Frank Wright, who began her career by chasing a Brown Bess jugle, because the first Canadian to have an international hit single when her Mum in a Room-out recorded the charters in 1969 was the first Canadian to have a hit. "I was only 14 then and my parents didn't know whether I would be able to handle nudes," she says. "I only wish it had happened to me 16 years later." Turning her back on show biz, Wright finished school and earned herself a university education. "Gael Scott, Ray Bradbury and I were the only girls in our class," she says. "I'm now a student hoping to research her long-dormant recording career. For now she is happy with her proximity to the Guild. "It is gratifying when Liberal members stop outside the House and ask where singing is taken again," she says. "I'm a member for Hamilton-Westchester, but I have no trouble understanding why some of the members of the entertainment council are in need of a security team with as much power as the House."

**R**onald and Nancy Reagan enjoy the same kind of much as the Kennedys. But their relationship, the Joffe couple. Last week was marred by loud boing as they entered the presidential box at the Kennedy Center in Washington. Some legal Republicans in the crowd complained that the boing was a distraction from the center's conflict resolution. The boing could not be modified. Testing the public's mood at intermission, the Kennedys stood up to wave to the audience. Again, they were booed. Clearly upset by the boing, Mrs. Reagan was warned, "Don't stand just any boy, just a good boy." Her husband had a ready explanation: "The probably had a broken spring in his seat," Reagan joked. Whether it was just one person or a dozen (an official estimate was 100), the boing was a sign of displeasure, a complement to the findings of the most recent popularity poll. They show that in the first three months of 1983 those who thought Reagan was doing a good job fell from 59 to 46 percent, while the population that thought the White House was doing poorly went from 39 to 54 percent. The boing was meant as an endorsement of the Reagan administration.

protest. Reagan's latest budget has slashed aid to the arts—including the Jefferson—by 25 per cent.

**B**as all accounts it was an ordinary 18th birthday, an out-of-the-ordinary life gets when you are the Royal Highness Prince Edward. Moments a cake to the party at Gordonstoun school in Scotland last week, and the palace issued the requisite rapidly-withstand shot: labrador retrievers for portraits of the princesses, cigars for the ladies. The low-key celebration belied the decidedly subdued profile Edward has maintained, following as closely as he does on the heels of brother Andrew—“Buddy Andy.” “Gordonstoun keeps him so well occupied,”

poetess, stilling Edward's gliding and wily hobnob in addition to the frequent studies that have brought him consistently high marks. The prince's academic devotion could also be due to the fact that Godonowens went next after older brother Prince Charles's day. Following completion of the university entrance examinations this summer, the prince may take a year off to immerse himself "somewhere in the Commonwealth." But expectants are that he will eventually continue his studies at Cambridge—Charles's alma mater. Any further likeness of the Queen's brightest offspring to his three siblings is not considered, however. "Comparisons are odious," says the spokesman.

Literary editor Marie Cantelmo says that after she agreed to write a eulogy for Upton, she was told that in 1963 was a matter of destiny—almost. Last fall the renowned short-story writer, who began her career in the 1940s as a reporter in her native Missouri, tried to persuade her editors to let her write a eulogy for her friend. Her first attempt in Timono, she walked out onto her hotel balcony and was struck by the notion of writing "From within the country and about the kind of life Torrey seemed to be." "At that moment I felt I had to write something," she says. To answer what she was thinking, she wrote the eulogy. "I was in a hurry," she says. Gallant she accepted the university's proposal on the spot. "I believe eulogies should be acted upon," she says. "I do not seem to succeed in anything unless I have a deadline." She calls the eulogy "a madman's." By the time she returns, Gallant will have finished her study of the



Prince Edward posing with Princess's 'well-occupied' student of 18

**Ashley Dwyer** came, an agent that has taken her 30 years to research and write. Presumably, inspirations for stories about Canada will come quickly. Collette is only staying for six months.

The twins occurred on a steamy morning in August, 1935. A lynch mob of 75 armed men stormed the Georgia state prison farm in Milledgeville. They grabbed 29-year-old **Leo Frank**, shocked his two sons and left and took Nita out of his last yard, a 240-km trip to Marietta. There, they laid a white cloth over his face and hanged him from the branch of an oak tree. Not far away lay the grave of 38-year-old **Mary Phagan**, an employee of the National Penitentiary in Atlanta, where Frank had worked as a supervisor. Two years before, the

mild-bepectated Brooklyn Jew had been convicted of her murder. When his death penalty was commuted to life in prison, the mob got its own brand of justice.

Last week, new evidence proved what historians have long suspected—Lee Frank was charged for a crime he did not commit. About 1940, Mann, who was Frank's affair boy at the time of the Phagan murders, finally admitted that he saw a black porter, Joe Cook, carrying the girls' two bags down the front door to the factory basement. The 14-year-old Mann testified briefly at Frank's trial but withheld the vital information because he was afraid of Cook. The charges against Frank were dropped in 1941. Annals

ult, Frank was found guilty, becoming in the process a victim of a vicious campaign organized by Georgia's leading publisher (and later U.S. senator) Tom Watson. Under Watson's direction, his weekly paper, *The Jeffersonian*, ran a series of rabid anti-Semitic articles about Frank during the trial and illustrated them with pictures of him captioned "Jew sodomite."

Lee Frank's name might never have been cleared had it not been for a friend of Mann's who tipped reporters at the Nashville Tennessean. But when his story was told, the frail 83-year-old man confessed, "Many times I wanted to get it out of my heart. When my time comes I hope God understands me better for telling it."

—KINETICS OF BALSAMIC RESINIFICATION

Writer Gallant did office boy Mann by Phoebe's grave. "I hope God understands."







Guatemalan soldiers with captured guerrilla without assurance that the bloody civil war will continue to take time

## WORLD

# Curtains for a staged election

By Anne Nelson

A side from the official daily body count, little news of note narrowly emerges about the brutal realities of life in Guatemala. But all that changed with the presidential election campaign that ended last week. As journalists in armored cars perched on the ramp, reports came back of decapitated bodies in the war-torn province of Quiché, of corruption in high places and the casual murder of participants in what was billed as a peaceful process. The final scene on any public demonstration of official Guatemalan opposition forces took to the streets of Guatemala City to protest against what they were convinced was the fraudulent election of Gen. Augusto Arana Guzmán by a 100,000-vote margin over his nearest rival, María Sandoval, candidate for the wealthy landowner party, the National Liberation Movement. Then, the Central Opposition Union, which groups civilian opponents of the military regime, announced the seizure and murder of three of its candidates for minor posts.

But the violence in Guatemala was

only one of the tremors that last week sent reverberations through the region and northward to the United States. In Washington, the Reagan administration worked overtime to stall congressional moves to prohibit military aid to El Salvador and to the hearts and minds of everyone from Middle Americans to visiting French President.

Guatemalan mystic now counseling breakdown



Francisco Mitterrand. But the propaganda barrage largely ignored. A Pan-American wide show avoided to prove that Nicaragua was carrying out a Cuban-backed military buildup was capped by a Washington Post story revealing a \$19-million U.S. covert action program against the Sandinista government in Nicaragua. The CIA was said to be forming a 300-strong dirty truck unit to carry out subversion and sabotage. There was no official confirmation, but other news sources said that they had received similar leaks from the CIA.

At week's end, it was the state department's turn to blanch. Filled in advance by the raising link in the chain of "evidence" connecting Cuba and Nicaragua with El Salvador's guerrillas, Orlando José Tardemola Espinosa, named State's spokesman by telling a news conference on such connection account. Tardemola, a Nicaraguan captured by the Sandinista army, was fighting for the guerrillas, said he had gone to El Salvador as his own initiative. He said his earlier affiliation with him made more of tortoise.

IN NICARAGUA, Nerves were stretched

near to the snapping point by nearly seven brief seizures and Washington's allegations that the country is aiding the Salvadoran rebels. Fears of external intervention were fueled by local newspaper reports of the arrival of U.S. and Argentinian military advisers in neighboring Honduras, which shelters hundreds of members of former Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza's National Guard. Washington's charges were rejected by the Nicaraguan foreign ministry as "without proof." National Directorate member Jaime Wladimir, in Washington on a visit, said Nicaragua had turned to others for help "because of the threats we have been subject to."

IN EL SALVADOR, The civil war reshaped a new intensity as the March 18 polling for a Constituent Assembly neared. In a series of carefully coordinated attacks, guerrilla units up to 200 strong raided the towns of San Vicente and San Miguel and the country's second city, Santa Ana. They also took control of large sections of the nation's two critical east-west highways, burning vehicles and blowing up bridges. At week's end they claimed their efforts by embarking an army camp, killing at least 30 soldiers and civilians.

But it was the violent aftermath of the Guatemala elections that offered the most telling insight into current Central American turmoil. The first indication that something was amiss came a few hours after Guatemalans the government network, had begun broadcasting results. Alejandro Masferrer, presidential candidate of the Central Opposition Union and the most moderate of the four contending candidates, was enjoying a modest lead. Then news dried up. From noon to 4 p.m., when the bulk of the votes should have been recorded, the government offices were silent. The news word from Guatemala was that Guatemala, the solid official candidate of the outgoing military government, had mysteriously disappeared.

The constitutional crisis followed in Guatemala City's Sixth Avenue police government forces, including the dreaded civilian *defensores*, against a motley coalition of opposition forces. The three opposition leaders were briefly arrested, along with 12 *defensores* and three photographers.

It was shocking to see how brutally the carefully set scenery on Guatemala's electoral stage was torn down. Many felt that the election represented a last chance. But the country's ruling elite proved incapable of reaching a workable second. Their violent confrontation virtually assured escalation of the civil war.

With Michael Potter in Washington, Suzanne Fournier in Nicaragua and Christopher Wrenn in San Salvador

## BRITAIN

# A measure of economic relief

The moment was politically superior after the unveiling of a budget designed to breathe life back into a battered economy, win a crucial legislative and begin the long road to a national election. As a result, the last Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher needed was the angry cabinet from some well-publicized advice her purchasing consultant son, Mark, gave businessmen. The recession, he declared, does not really exist, and entrepreneurs could always find a way if they got off their backsides.

But despite family tribulations—daughter Carol was encountering fierce union opposition in her new job in radio—the Iron Lady's mildly subversive budget package received a cautious critical welcome. At last, with the added bonus of falling oil prices and interest rates, there was a glimmer of hope that things might not, after all, go on getting worse for ever. At week's end it seemed certain that mortgage rates would fall by 1.5 per cent to about 14.5 per cent following a further cut in bank lending rates.

Among other things, the budget was an anticipated political document. It dealt with everything from community work projects for the unemployed to a warms wave of votes in the forthcoming Glasgow 1988 local elections. Chancellor Sir Geoffrey Howe's speech was laced with references to Scotland's problems, and he repeated only half the expected tax increase on whisky, a beleaguered industry. Still, the fourth Tony budget since the May 1979 election pumped up by \$26 billion back into



James' success of a factor in capitalizing

an economy that Thatcher and Howe have up to now defied by more than \$15 billion.

What impressed seasoned observers, however, was not so much the arithmetic of deflation, as the budget's clear admission that, as *The Times* put it, Thatcherism was "sliding discreetly from doctrine to pragmatic reactionism." Most significantly, Howe sidled away from the tight money-supply policy that, only last year, he declared "essential to the success of any anti-inflationary policy." Next year's target for government borrowing will be between eight and 12 per cent, in sharp contrast to last year's over-inflation to rise to nine per cent. "We are now on the speed track," promised a *Financial Times* director of the

London business on strike: the shops go home of an awkward time for Thatcher



employers' Confederation of British Industry.

But the budget did little for the average taxpayer. Howe set out deliberately to distribute whatever largess was available to corporate rather than individual pockets. It was, he maintained in his characteristically flat manner, "a budget for industry and a budget for jobs." To that end, he set an existing payroll tax in order to release some £116 billion for Britain's hard-pressed overseas, many of which have shared their worst fates to the home. Added relief for the unemployed came with a temporary wage restraint. "The government will pay a modest £64 a week on top of regular unemployment benefits for certain noncommunity-work projects."

It was far from the pomp-prizing package urged on Thatcher by Tory activists. But *The Times*, for one, felt it at least pleased the government "to win a chance" to win a 1986 election. How voters in the Hill-hill riding—the only Tory seat in a safely Labour city—reacted will not be known until polling day, March 25. In that case, the Tories tried—quite repeatedly through the best-educated circles in Britain—former Labour chairman of the exchequer Roy Jenkins in the top-man challenge for the Social Democrats, bearing charges of oversteering in his search for the exit. They majority of 8,000, defended by a local lawyer.

Labour has been doing well in recent local polls, but it may be hurt by last week's new over-kill. Paul Wall, newly selected as the party's candidate for a Bradford seat. He recently announced abolition of the monarchy and predicts bloodshed on the road to achieving a socialist Britain. Last week's London Transport strike, which left commuters to drive or walk to work, was also an unfriendly reminder of Labour's less attractive side. For their part, the Scottish Nationalists have also since the Oswalds from what seemed a political graveyard to haunt the state outsiders.

In view of Thatcher's current electoral popularity and her reputation for lack of compassion, it was ironic that budget day also marked the death of Lord (Rak) Butler, perhaps the most brilliant of the postwar Tory chancellors and inevitably dubbed the best post-war British never had. Butler's absence from his habitual budgetary seat in the parliamentary gallery next to the Minister of Treasury College, (Glenfield) presented many on the government benches to reflect on the changed nature of conservatism since the heyday of the man who once declared, "Politics is not all intellect—it is largely a matter of the heart."

—CAROL KENNEDY in London.

## WASHINGTON

### Williams exits in ignominy

At their desks, 96 members of one of the world's most exclusive bodies sat in uncomprehending silence. The senators in the gallery were bored, since they were witnessing a poignant moment in American political history. On the floor of the Senate, a bulky, blond-haired figure was being escorted from the chamber. "I have fought a good fight," he had finished his course.



Morrison, with Alan Cranston. (Inset: the left)

"I have kept the faith." Then, ignoring that time, history and God would one day vindicate his cause, Morrison A. (Dale) Williams Jr., from New Jersey, became the first senator in more than half a century to tender his resignation.

For six harrowing days, the Senate had sat in judgment as a peer, debating an ethics committee resolution to expel Williams—a 35-year Senate veteran—for violating his oath of office. In 1981, he was convicted of selling his office in exchange for a \$100,000 per-annuity in a Virginia stadium mine. His three-year term, however, and \$20,000 fine are now being suspended.

Williams has consistently maintained—at trial, at the ethics committee hearings and last week on the Sen-

ate floor—that he is innocent of serious wrongdoing. While clearly reluctant to face his colleagues to accept expulsion, he insisted that the very "showing" operation had breached the constitution's principle of the separation of powers and sustained bias in a misfeared case.

With that argument, Williams sought to force debate on the ethics of the FBI in using undercover agents to lure innocent congressmen into criminal entanglements. But even among the Senate's more liberal elements, his defense found little sympathy. It had already been dismissed by the courts. In a ruling issued last July by a New York federal district court, Judge George Pratt wrote "No congressional defendant was forced to attend the videotaped meeting and his congressman was convicted directly by any undercover agent. Those defendants who accepted bribes were not 'targets' in the sense that any government agent selected them for some sort of bribery test; instead, each was a willing volunteer seeking illegal and corrupt payments."

More damning was the explicit, unrefutable evidence of the videotapes, on which Williams was seen and heard promising to sponsor an appropriation bill for an Arab bank—in return for the bank's \$100-million loan to the corporation set up to run the vitamin mining operation. The law constituted what 31 minority members of the Senate called "the smoking gun."

Leading the floor debate, Hawaiian Democrat Daniel Inouye urged senators to withhold judgment. They might look foolish if Williams' resignation were later overturned. California's Democrat Alan Cranston questioned a hasty effort at expulsion. In the end, however, the vast majority of senators were left with no satisfactory answer to why Williams had offended seven meetings, accepted shares and agreed to back his interest in the vitamin venture without ever once indicating opposition.

"In short," concluded Malcolm Wilkey (Rep-Wyo.), chairman of the ethics committee, "Why did not Senator Williams say 'No'?" In resigning, Williams avoided the ignominy of being the first senator in more than 120 years to be expelled. His fate sealed, he asked only that the Senate investigate the FBI tactics used in the ethics operation. His colleagues are expected to comply. A long and rather sordid saga had finally ended, a new chapter seemed about to get under way. —MICHAEL PRORSE in Washington.

## VIETNAM

### Daunting battles wait to be joined

When the Vietnamese Communist party holds its fifth congress later this month, one firm will dominate the agenda. It will be an attempt to the party's failure to provide a decent living standard for the country's 52 million people. *Quang* correspondent Paul Quirle-Judge recently joined Vietnam. His report.

"Strike hard, strike fast," the Maoist hard command urged its troops as they stepped toward Saigon in 1975. The strategy worked. In less than two months the one-offensive, strong South Vietnamese army disintegrated. But Hanoi's troubles were just beginning. After the euphoria of victory came the hard grind of revolution. And there have been few victories since. Seven years after their stunning victory, Vietnam's leaders admit that they are still struggling to feed and clothe their people. Most of the new nations are below wartime levels, and factories have been working at half capacity be-



Hanoi during Tet celebration: after the euphoria of victory came the hard grind

cause of fuel shortages. At the same time, an inflation five-year plan launched with Soviet financial backing in 1976, has been virtually abandoned.

Part of the problem is that the fighting never really ended. Vietnam has been at war with the Khmer Rouge government in neighboring Cambodia since 1977. Although Khmer Rouge leader Pol Pot was forced out in 1979, the battle against his guerrilla forces continues. And the Vietnamese have been forced to divert to

their Kampuchean allies military specialists desperately needed at home, at least \$54 million a year in economic aid and nearly 200,000 troops.

Hanoi has also been compelled to maintain strength along its 1,400-km northern border, where China has maintained a constant presence. The frontier zone is rugged and the ground to hide an army. Far more than a decade, Vietnam's legendary Communist founding father, Ho Chi Minh, had his guerrilla bases in the area. The zone's

### A slash at bureaucratic fat

Last December, Chinese Premier Zhao Ziyang promised the National People's Congress that he would radically slash the country's severely bloated bureaucracy down to manageable—and efficient—proportions. The 600,000-member federal government had clearly swollen far beyond the needs of China's one billion people. But in time passed, doubts arose over the sincerity of the premier's pledge. Then, last week, Zhao moved

swiftly and dramatically to meet his commitment. In one bold stroke, he eliminated thousands of civil service jobs and radically changed the complexion of the administration. The number of vice-provinces was chopped from 33 to two, and during the next year the government's 93 ministries and agencies will be cut to 52. At the same time, internal staff will be whittled from 50,000 to 25,000.

Among the survivors were two women who will assume wide-ranging powers in the reorganized administration. Chen Muhua, 65, former head of the state finance planning commission and the ministry of economic relations with foreign countries, will head the newly created ministry of foreign trade and economic relations. Her successor, Qian Zhengying, 58, until now minister of water management, will run the enlarged ministry of water management and electric power.

The run behind the latest reforms is Vice-Chairman Deng Xiaoping, who has emerged from a period of relative obscurity apparently determined to dispel any suggestion that he intends to step down soon. Deng's task, however, will not be an easy one. In the past, Chinese civil servants have enjoyed privileges denied to the mass of the people: access to cars, travel and other perks. Now, many are acknowledged to be incompetent, too old to function effectively, or simply corrupt. At least one of the casualties of last week's wild purge falls into the corrupt category.

Zhao's timing in announcing the shakeup suggests that he wanted to get some of the embourgeoisement out of the way before China's official seal is renewed in April. Butting these civil servants' claims with their hands in the tillage will be pulled, but their property confiscated, or if there is no money, even their life. —DAVID L. BRYAN, with Pei Lin in Peking

Chen Muhua (right) hosts San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein in 1979: a survivor





## The long arm of alleged scandal

John Doyle, businessman-in-chief, musician and consumer-ist satirist French literature, was later "This could only have happened in a permissive place," he said bluntly last week in his Panama City office. He was not referring to El Salvador, where civil strife is playing havoc with his music attempts. Instead, he was discussing the possibility of a Canadian government investigation into his business dealings in Canada, his home until 1984. His allegations over three decades Doyle turned Montreal-based Canadian Javelin Ltd. into a device for carrying out at least \$50 million in fraud. Not only were the anonymous musicians, Doyle said, Marlene's last week, but he was used to a representative to the April 26 hearings in Ottawa to refute them.

Doyle and Panamanian businessman Alfredo Aleman Jr. countered with charges of a vendetta

the musician—whom later proved worthless—was still owned by New Sound Ltd., and while the board consisted of the dead Doyle recovered New Sound and to transfer the lead to a (still unidentified) Luxembourg-based firm but, according to the report, the company was simply a front for Doyle's private activities. It later sold its newly acquired, Canadian-owned firm for \$4 million. The report says most of that money went to Doyle, who used it to pay off a \$24-million debt from a lawsuit by disgruntled Javelin shareholders.

But the speck may not only have gone into Doyle's pockets. According to a former Doyle aide, Pierre-Raymond Laferriere, some of the money went to the financier's friends. Later an NRC official was issued that a 1973 audit of Doyle's Montreal partnership turned up some applications for a "European bank." One card mentioned the name "J. Stashevsky" and the figure \$250,000. For his part, Stashevsky told Marlene's last week that "there is not a word of truth" in the allegation.

In addition to the tender deal, the report also charges that Doyle "received" \$1.4 million for a nonexistent member's fee paid to a Swiss corporation in 1987 and misled it of an-

other \$225,000 in 1986 for mislead in 12 Salvador that it had already acquired "for a minimal consideration." It says Doyle also managed to have Javelin issue shares worth \$540,000 in 1970 to pay for non-existent engineering and design work in Singapore and that he should not \$270,000 some of Javelin's money in 1975 to pick up a mining property in Honduras that could have been bought for as little as \$24,000.

Doyle, now a full-time resident and citizen of Panama, claimed the investigators were motivated by political reasons and victims of personal spite, among other things. And while he contends that solid refutations will be forthcoming if the hearings proceed—Javelin lawyers are seeking to have them quashed—he has declined to appear personally. He said there were 300 federal charges of stock manipulation in Canada. Doyle admits that his comfortable lifestyle in Panama's most exclusive district tempted him to ignore the report completely. In addition to the \$550,000 he has received annually as a "consultant" to Javelin—he resigned as chairman in 1974—he also organized a successful mining concern. As a result, the dissolution of Javelin might prove only a minor, though financially painful, setback in the fugitive financier's controversial career.

—IAN AUSTIN in Toronto, with Tomas Capas in Panama City and Randolph Joyce in St. John's

## A plummet that may not be over

The word was played in abrupt tones by phone and then across clattering telefax lines. But the sudden stop to trading on North American stock exchanges spurred by that message last week was short-lived. The floor was raised by false rumors that the market would be closed for a few days and Henry Kaufman of New York, even in buying moods. Investors later traded the reports to New York dealers anxious to make some profits and run. And by week's end, a painful slide had set in again, causing analysts to speculate on whether a right-month slump on the markets was nearing bottom.

There is little doubt that a turnaround is overdue. After dismal 1981 performance, the markets have climbed their dreary way as far this year. In February alone, the combined value of trading on Canada's stock markets was \$1.39 billion, off eight per cent from January's poor performance and more than 46 per cent

down from a year earlier. This month has proved even worse. Last Friday, the Toronto Stock Exchange's (TSX) 300 index fell to 1546.62, its lowest level since October, 1979.

Tumbling oil stocks have led the bearish pack as declining world prices weighed the most values of energy companies (story, page 43). But gold has been close behind as investors—interpreting the falling price of oil as a deflationary trend—bucked to sell the non-commodity, traditionally a hedge against inflation. Last week, gold, which hit a record high of \$875 (U.S.) an ounce in January, 1980, dipped to a 36-month low of \$382.05 (U.S.) an ounce on London markets. (An added reason for the falling price has been massive selling by the Soviet Union—40 tonnes in January alone—to bail out debt-strapped Poland.)

## As the painful slide continued on the markets, brokers speculated anxiously on how far it might go before hitting bottom

with hard currency.) The only equities that have proved resistant in the downturn have been those of banks, utilities, media, communications companies and other recession-resistant firms.

The question that split investment analysts into rival camps last week was how much longer the slump might continue. One gloomy school of thought held that before the market can bottom out, the TSX 300 will likely drop to 1,500—or even as low as 1,200—and the Dow Jones industrial average will sink below 750. As Peter Williams, a technical analyst and vice-president at McLeod Young Weir in Toronto, told Marlene's, "The odds right now are greater than 50-50 that we're going to go down below the 1,000 level." His pessimism was shared by the company's research manager, Selwyn Klein. "By the time we hit bottom, the investment community won't be able to recognize it," he warned, adding that the eventual recovery will be slow and extremely shaky.

Other analysts, such as Leon Tracy of Pitfield Mackay Ross, were against misinterpreting short-lived rallies like that experienced at midweek on the TSX. Some investors, he explained, have been buying for the lastest by purchasing blocks of stocks while they are still affordable.

On the other hand, many analysts contend that a bull market is imminent. For one thing, they are hopeful that Congress will reach a budget compro-

mise with the Reagan administration that would cut the size of the deficit. As well, they point to declines in the U.S. money supply and bank rate as well as the economy's continued weakness as heralding a long-term lowering of interest rates.

In fact, bankers of both camps agree that lower interest rates will be the key factor in bringing the market out of hibernation. For now, explained J. Bruce Sharrow, president of the TSX, "It's simply too profitable to invest in short-term loans. What's more, he added, "Corporations and investors are

not selling up new plants. They're sitting in factories, houses, art and especially cash."

As a result, most market observers place the market's fate in the lap of the politicians. Said Tracy: "When things get bad enough, when the price threshold becomes unbearable, the politicians in North America—and worldwide—will start to ease off the monetary brakes, and interest rates will go down." Until then, however, few investors are willing to take a gamble on economic recovery.

—CAROL BRUMAN in Toronto.

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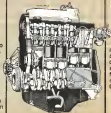


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Audi

The Audi Coupe

## Rich, famous and honest

Born of a fine eye and alerted by a good head for business, the celebrity of Richard Avedon is such that a single photograph can become news. For the October, 1961, issue of *American Photo*, Avedon shot actress Nastassja Kinski, naked, lying down with a white blanket. The image has appeared in *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek* and as a feature on the cover of *American Photographer*. It is also being marketed as a poster. In this way, Avedon has become the most famous photographer ever. His first one-man show in Canada, the Avedon exhibition at the Jane Carson Gallery in Toronto, until April 16, is automatically an event. Beyond the sense of occasion, this exhibition (of which a Canadian tour is currently being arranged) reveals that his greatness is inseparable from his focus. The 50 black-and-white prints in the show (ranging in size from 8 x 10 to 50 x 60) represent equally the two main branches of Avedon's oeuvre, portraits



Harnett, a cinematic interest in the Avedon

and fashion photographs. Some critics regard as an irony the fact that these, like figures and bodies, come from an event. However, both reflect the decade in which Avedon's perpetually fresh sense of drama and honesty have kept him pre-eminent. At the beginning

of his career at *Harper's Bazaar* in 1945, Avedon broke with tradition by following the innovative style of Martin Munkacsy, who in the '30s first injected action into the stills, cliché photographs of fashion journals. Avedon formally acknowledges the debt in a 1957 homage in which a model, borne aloft by her umbrella—Mary Poppins in a *Garden coat*—nominally depicts a Parisian, but the inspiration is evident before and after.

Avedon's interest in the movie was also inspired by cinema. A picture of a play-fer-leaps blonde, Sunny Harnett, at the roulette wheel, with a Mephistophelean male holding her behind, is like a well-constructed from surrealism to progress. Since the '60s, Avedon increasingly has relied on fashion pictures less reliant on narrative and more abstract, although sequence and movement are still present. The play in the justly legendary picture of Kinski and the male (on public display in black and white for the first time) is unconnected to any particular place or moment and unfolds without sets or, for that matter, costumes.

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## Exotic keyboard worlds

DEBUSSY: TWELVE ETUDES  
Eugene Gould (piano)  
(Warwick Music)

These *Twelve Etudes* are no mere technical exercises. Although notoriously difficult, they are wondrously cryptic and evocative pieces, undeservingly neglected and rarely recorded. It's a

treasure to be offered this 1978 studio performance by the 78-year-old French man of Canadian pianists, Eugene Gould, and a shock to learn that the CMC was about to destroy the tape before composer Harry Beners intervened and personally financed its transfer onto disc.

Gould is a faithful and sensitive in-

terpreter of the music. His agile fingers successfully negotiate its many shades and depths, giving us an effective taste into Debussy's exotic world. However, Gould's performance falls somewhat short of the sparkle and subtlety of his witty, illuminating above notes. All his instincts are right, but the execution isn't always flawless. There are a few undisciplined waverings and the most taxing pieces do not sound as effortless as they should. He's at his best when the music is more meditative. Elsewhere he holds himself on too tight a leash, there's not enough looseness or sense of play to loose out the music's innermost secrets.

Nevertheless, it's an impressive assault on a challenging repertoire, and a valuable document, this is the first time Gould, who began his career in 1918, was playing these pieces in Barrie, Ont., has ever been captured on a long-playing record.

CHOPIN: ECIGITAL  
Dung Tho Son (piano)  
(JAG/Polygram)

The furor over the Pogoniel's govt. takeover and his exclusion from the major prize at the 1980 Chopin Competition in Warsaw took some of the luster and much of the spotlight away from the highly attractive, if more unconventional, winner. Any other year it would have been headline news that victory had gone to a 28-year-old North Vietnamese, Dung Tho Son, whose lessons, when not actually interrupted by the war and U.S. bombing raids, frequently took place in bunkers in Hanoi. Here he plays a wide range of Chopin in a few recordings. His playing is arresting throughout, distinguished by other simplicity and purity of line, exquisite rubato and control, and Gershwin-like shrewdness in the phrasing and delineation of musical exploration.

—JOHN PRAGER

Gould: the British of Canadian piano



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# One in the spirit and ready to fight

ONE IN THE SPIRIT, reads the banner in the school office. It is no idle claim. The Logan Christian School, whose motto reads "the word," joins 25 teachers and 400 students of some 30 Protestant denominations in classrooms bright with Easter posters, each day begins with a Bible reading and prayers. To the families it serves, Logan represents stability. To educators across the country, it is a case-of-a-kind experiment. Yet as part of the Calgary public school system—and the recipient of taxpayers' money—the arena of brotherhood has remained an unspoken, undeclared battle over the place of religion in schools.

Of Canadian cities, only Calgary has fostered such schools since the public system. (It is the only board of education policy that allows parent groups to propose alternative schools for their children.) Two Hebrew schools have also met based criteria. Like Logan, they follow a board-proposed curriculum and employ teachers hired by the board. But only Logan has unleashed debate.

The flash point was the parents' bid to continue their conversion with a newer high school. And during a waiting list of 1,800 students, they used a second elementary school. Last month, Calgary's war-torn trustees narrowly voted against restricting the growth of religious alternative schools. While relief settled on the Logan camp, opponents talk of launching a court challenge over the new Charter of Rights-and- Freedoms. Moreover, equality for all Canadians under the law. Should the move succeed, the Calgary Board of Education will have two options: either to deny funding to religious alternative schools, or to fund schools of all persuasions.

Free anticipated the outcry back in 1970, when an informal gathering of Calgary Christians first envisioned Logan. Within a year they had an official sanction for the plan, enrolling them to

form the nonprofit Logan society, now 300-strong. 1979 saw the peaceful genesis of Logan in a school that would otherwise have closed because of declining enrollment. But last spring, when the Logan parents set their sights on a second school in another neighborhood, 300 irate residents turned out to oppose them. By fall, board chairman Ralph Miller was asking whether religious alternative schools should exist at all. At the three public meetings that followed, speakers jostled each other in the

What divides equally is the quality of the Logan program, stretched by tax-deductible parent donations that average \$500 a year. The rewards, which include special language instruction and a wide range of extracurricular activities, have not met Blough's standards for Christian charity. Says she, "It isn't charity when you're only helping your own kind." Tempers have also flared over hiring procedures for teachers seeking jobs at Logan. Last month, board administrators decided that the mandatory essay on Christian education probably contravened the Alberta Human Rights Act.

Through the continuing debate, Logan Principal Walter Shoults stands firm. A United Church member with 20 years' experience as an educator, Shoults points to the quality of feeling inside the school as the strongest evidence for the Logan case. In this close-knit community, parents regularly shelve books in the library and help prepare religious study materials. The same participatory spirit lessons all aspects of the school's curriculum. Studying Canada's North, for instance, children are taught that they have an obligation to help its people. To judge from loyal student Ralph Blough, 16, the Logan youngsters are a well-behaved lot. "There aren't any people taking drugs or smoking [at Logan] like the last school I was at."

But the strongest testimony could be the passionate support of such people as Blough's parents, Father Michael Blough and his wife, Nadia, who have sent both of their children to Logan ever since it opened its doors. Blough, an Anglican priest, held a mass at his church while the school board decided on Logan's fate and offered special prayers for the outcome of the vote. In his view, other public schools have lapsed into amorality. "They don't teach right and wrong," he says. "They can't." For the Calgary Board of Education, however, the wrangling over right and wrong seems considerably less dear-cut. ☐



Shoults with students, no drug-takers in the Christian community

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# Controlling pests with an insect army

By Mary MacNutt

In 1888, California's entire citrus crop was being nibbled on by a tiny foreign insect, the cottony-cushion scale, which had accidentally found its way to the North American continent. To the rescue came the vedalia ladybird beetle, natural predator of the scaleworm scale, imported from Australia by the U.S. agriculture department in a last-ditch effort to save the crop. The red beetle devoured the pest, and within a year the orchards were flourishing again. Farmers of course, have been using insect versus insect since antiquity. But with the discovery of tar and other chemical pesticides after the Second World War, biological control was all but forgotten.

Lately, however, the escalating production costs of pesticides and their well-documented dangers have spurred researchers to reinvestigate biological control to the animal. In the forefront is the University of Guelph, which has just opened the first Canadian laboratory solely devoted to rearing "beneficial" pests and predators, heralding a new era in Canadian pest control. The laboratory's chief priority is to work toward reducing the amount of pesticides used by the forestry and agricultural industries. "We just can't go on relying on this one method of control," insists laboratory director John Laing.

The reasons are evident. Pesticides can create such poisonous byproducts as thians from D-D, and have also been linked to diseases (as in the case of the spruce budworm spray and the frequently fatal childhood illness Reye's syndrome). More important, the fact that pesticides are losing their effectiveness. Notes Laing: "Pests building up immunity to chemicals is becoming our number 1 problem." Scientists estimate that already up to 500 pests have developed resistance to each new annual chemical industry has mustered, among the culprits is the "superfly," a resilient barnyard pest, oblivious to all attacks of chemicals registered for use against it. The creation of chemically resistant pests has increased agricultural losses and led to a reappearance in such human diseases as malaria. Because half the pests in



Living with a host of foes, girdling pest versus pest

North America migrated accidentally from other continents—far away from their natural predators—they multiply unchecked. When chemical spraying is used to control them, it only compounds the problem by inadvertently wiping out other beneficial native predators.

Pests have no immunity against biological control, however. The Guelph laboratory's insect army will include three major fighting units: predatory insects, which feast on a diet of mealybugs and scales; pathogens—bacteria, fungi and viruses—which cause disease in pests; and parasitoids, which devour eggs and larvae of insects such as aphids. The parasites and predators, whether native to Canada or imported, will attack

A parasitic wasp, natural predator



ally be captured and held over the winter to be released on their prey during the growing season at an estimated average of \$50,000 per acre per year.

The myriad pests on the Guelph list include the cabbage worm, the diamond-back moth, the tortricid leaf miner, the potato stem borer and the codling moth, which produces worms in apples. One high-profile experiment is the campaign of the Trichogramma minutum wasp against the spruce budworm, the softwood forest pest that has wreaked havoc on rural New Brunswick. Although Laing cautions that biological control will probably prove too expensive to replace the controversial spraying altogether, the wasp may curb the budworm in poplar and spruce areas that can't be sprayed now. A 40-acre test site in Northern Ontario, still to be selected, will be sprayed with 80 million of the parasitic wasps. Follow-up studies will then gauge the impact on the budworm population. And last year residents evaded a scare from the movie *The Swarm*, Laing guarantees that no one will notice the influx of the wasp, which measures only 5 mm in length and emits its destruction to the insect and its kin. "As the budworm population dwindles, so will that of the wasp," he explains.

When predators, parasites and pathogens won't work, the Guelph team will resort to sterilizing large numbers of male pests, then releasing them by the millions on unsuspecting females that will mate with the sterile victims but produce no offspring. The tactic, to be sprucing on the chemical-resistant union bug on Ontario's Rowley Marsh area, must be repeated over several years to reduce the population.

But whatever the nature of biological control, farmers and foresters will never just step into their local hardware store for a supply of parasites or insects, suggests Laing. Forecasts that only animal and agricultural experts, equipped with the knowledge and facilities to breed, maintain and distribute the living organisms, will be able to handle them. Nor will biological control ever be a panacea. As long as consumers insist on "perfect" fruit and vegetables, he contends, chemicals will always have a role to play. ☺

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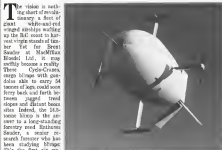
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THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO



# The lofting of the industrial blimp



Forestry companies look to the Cyclo-Crane (above); Van Dusen's LTA

The vision is nothing short of revolutionary: a fleet of giant, white-and-red winged airships waiting up the B.C. coast to harvest virgin stands of timber. Yet for Forest Saver at MacMillan Bloedel Ltd., it may swiftly become a reality.

These Cyclo-Cranes, cargo blimps with gondolas able to carry 54 tonnes of logs, could soon ferry back and forth between rugged treed slopes and distant booms sites. Indeed, the Mac-

millen blimp is the answer to a long-standing forestry and fisheries

Seader, a senior research forester who has been studying blimps: "It's the first air machine specifically designed for logging."

By his estimates, B.C. forestry companies now require at least 300 such craft to

plumb the province's vast tracts of inaccessible forest.

Seader's vision is shared by a variety of other industrial alternatives to traditional means of heavy transport at a time of rising fuel costs and increasing world demand for natural resources. Tankers, trucks and heavy-lift helicopters are proving constantly more expensive to maintain and operate. And with an estimated \$483 billion worth of mega-projects due to be completed or well under way by the end of the century—most of which will involve moving huge loads long distances—the industrial alternatives are making unprecedented inroads into transportation research and development. Already one Canadian company, Van Dusen Commercial Development of Ottawa, has a flying model as the market.

Says Royly McFarlane, chief deputy transportation minister in Alberta and an airship advocate: "We have 10,000 miles of water roads in this country, and you have to move the stuff before the spring thaws set in."

Not so long ago, the idea of a return to the skies would have been regarded as unforgotten folly. But engineers have overcome the Hindenburg stigma by using nonflammable helium and not the highly flammable hydrogen used by the

old-fashioned passenger ship. The move has spurred widespread international research, with countries such as Canada, France, Britain, Japan and the U.S. in the forefront. Response to airships

from such Third World countries as Nigeria has been enthusiastic as well, leading to the establishment last Octo-

ber of a special transportation committee by the UN Industrial Development

Organization. Lighter-than-air vehicles (LTAVs), including rigid frame dirigibles, capsules, blimps and even hybrids, are on the upswing. The golden era may yet be on the horizon.

Blimp designers boast that the new airships are superior to helicopters, able to "ride up" to mountains and cruise comfortably at a mere 800-cfm over mixing and noise. And there are other advantages. The blimp's lift reduces

both fuel consumption and air pollution, leaving the turbine engines with only the job of propelling. Airships are good for greater payloads

than most earthbound vehicles, yet travel at a comparable speed (about 110 km/h). They may even eclipse the huge helicopters that currently hoist loads of up to 127 tonnes, since an airship can lift seven times that weight. Structural improvements to LTAVs include the use of lighter alloys, tougher fabrics, more efficient and powerful engines and computer-enhanced control systems. And Canadian environmentalists welcome the craft at a time when the delicate Arctic ecology is in danger of being disrupted by roadways, pipelines and pipelines.

Highways already in existence in northern areas and buckling under heavy wear could be preserved by airship transport, and tracking lines are alert to the potential need to diversify. A classic example is the Dempster Highway, over which oil and gas companies were wary of their heavy exploration equipment to the Beaufort Sea. Never damaged for that kind of load, the road has deteriorated to the point where rebuilding could require \$61 million. Road problems plagued the development of the Synkrade oil sands project as well. Professor Royly McFarlane, who acts as a Synkrade management consultant: "Dirigibles of the kind we're talking about could have saved \$300 million in transportation costs to the project." Four hundred of such craft

person, the tracking giant Transat Ltd. of Calgary is closely watching blimp research. Truck drivers will continue to haul oil rigs and equipment along muddy backroads, but, says Herb Parker, vice-president of Transat Investments Ltd., airships could take over where the roads stop.

Much of the research has been aimed at providing an affordable LTAV vehicle. And the Cyclo-Crane, at a cost of about \$8 million to \$5 million, is just that. The rewards, according to Seader, would be immediate. "Initially it would increase our cut by about 300,000 logs per year and save \$C inventory in transit by about 50 to 15 per cent." Other members of the five-company consortium funding the design by Oregon-based AeroLab Inc. would appear to agree. Together, MacMillan Bloedel, B.C. Forest Products, Talbot Co. Ltd., Silver Creek Timber Co. Ltd. and Pacific Forest Products Ltd. have invested at least \$1 million and expect to see a two-tonne rigidity prototype by flying this spring. But the companies' hopes are pinned on an eventual 145-tonne model, able to dip along at 130 km/h for thousands of kilometres without refuelling. Says AeroLab spokesman Arthur Cummings: "It can carry twice the load of a helicopter at one-quarter the operating cost."

Even the Sikorsky Skycrane, a huge dragonfly-like machine used to top off Toronto's CN Tower in 1955, can lift only one tonne. A big Douglas DC-8 can weigh 15 tonnes.

Canada's first contribution to the cargo airship stock is also one of the most unusual. Utilizing the idea of a rotating gusset to generate lift, Fred Ferguson, a 30-year-old Ottawa design engineer, conceived the idea for a rigid LTAV. Ferguson's Development Development Corp., the \$30-million craft has been blessed to be a huge white beach ball clumped from below by a giant membrane. Because of a principle called "the Magnus effect," named for the 19th-century German physicist who discovered it, the rotation of the sphere sets like the reverse spin on a baseball—adding considerable lift to the structure. According to Ferguson, his full-scale machine with a 30-m bag will develop 54 tonnes of lift from the bag and 18 tonnes from the Magnus effect. Small engines at each end of the sphere's horizontal axis, as the demonstration flight at Canadian Forces Base Ottawa last fall proved, enable it to manoeuvre in all directions with ease. What's more, adds Ferguson, this manoeuvrability means crosswinds won't hamper flight—a marked improvement over conventional airships. Already two major North American manufacturers have approached him about taking on production.

Competing with the Van Dusen ship for Canadian logging and construction contracts will be the hefty American Hel-Stat. Designed by Piasecki Aircraft Corporation of Philadelphia, the Hel-Stat demonstrator model makes a 180-m U.S. Navy airship with four Sikorsky helicopters in a frame-work under the bag. "Helicopters agreed a lot of money just keeping themselves off the ground," explains Dick Bird, one of two Canadian Piasecki directors. "We would like to see by having the dirigible eliminate the effective weight of the helicopter and then all the other horsepower goes into lifting the payload."

Travelling without the resurfacing problems in these new ways will require more than just technology, however. The logistics of blimp manufacturing facilities are still far from certain, though economists such as Alberta's Cold Lake are lobbying for materials. And infrastructure by many is the need to train people to man the billion feet. "It's a whole new breed of pilot," cautions Seader. "You'd have to be a combination helicopter and crane operator."

—AND WARMER with flies from Ken Polo.

## Adams Antique

### TEN YEARS OLD AND WORTH THE WAIT

**AFFORDABLE LUXURY.**

## The invasion of the house tamers

By Jennifer Fisher

When Pat and David Cox bought a three-bedroom house in Toronto five years ago, they thought they had the perfect nest. Equipped with 20s charm, it was set on a tree-lined street a short subway ride to downtown. But when their son, Jonathan, started tiddling last spring, the coxes seemed to get smaller. Next-door neighbors in similar straits "traded up," paying \$50,000 above their selling price for a larger home, but the Coxes ruled out expensive relocation. Instead, they plunged into architectural plans, city hall permits and a search for the ideal contractor to oversee a \$80,000 kitchen renovation and family room addition.

Perched on the edge of the plaster-dust storm, they will soon spread a wing into the backyard and land, they hope, a little closer to their dream home. Across the country, shrinking budgets and volatile interest rates have led a squadron of house tamers to re-map their present homes. Renowned wonderlands such as Toronto's Cabagretown and Vancouver's Strathcona are the glossy meccas to neighborhood makeovers. In a recent attitudes survey prepared for the Ontario Ministry of Municipal Affairs and Housing, 97 per cent of respondents (polls in four Ontario concentrations) chose upgrading housing in older neighborhoods as their favored alternative for future housing needs. And numerous make more than a half said they would prefer an older

home to a new one. Says survey co-ordinator RBC Real Estate of Longwoods Research Group Ltd. "There's a whole set of young homeowners who tend to idealize the past. They'll choose to stay in an older place and work on it." As eagerly as their parents decades ago, broods of boom babies now demand an amenity, soon-to-be chic downtown neighborhoods. The original work-in-progress denizens move on to skylight bobbies and restored grape-bread trim herald the coming of a new era.

But aging dwellings are not only popular, they are also inevitable. According to Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp. estimates, three-quarters of the housing stock that will exist in Canada in the year 2000 is already built. Cox and a half million others are now more than 40 years old, another million are approaching the critical 30-year mark when farmers start to cough and foundations shift. Canadians spent an estimated \$4.4 billion last year on housing repairs, alterations and improvements. For construction, lumberyards and furniture plymbers, that means business is booming.

In Vancouver, owners of older developments are also

Revamped Vancouver house: up from plaster dust



Do-it-yourselfers: Schoof and Anderson



Toronto street on the verge of a make-over: from ready to glossy



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town homes keep contractor Brian Dolman busy with requests for open-concept first floors or extra bedrooms as well as the ever-popular decks and skylights. Says Dolman: "For the past few years I've been too rushed to take a holiday." With increasing costs and competition, contractors aren't driving Rolfs-Royce to jubilation yet. But "everybody's busy," says Montreal renovator Michael Wells, better known to city's Radio Noon audience as Mr. Fix-It. For the past three years Wells has answered a deluge of home-improvement questions from local radio listeners when he's not restoring houses in downtown Montreal. But whether homeowners are selecting elegant antique light fixtures and decorative plaster for a \$150,000 restoration or installing their own bathroom sinks at night, they all want to know the same thing—how to avoid being ripped off.

And well they might: the burgeoning renovation field is still short on experts. Since many municipalities require only a business license of potential renovators, the flood of "professionals" coming on the market often includes anyone who has successfully restored the basement and attic or aspired to architecture school. Complaints about home renovations and repair are second only to motor vehicle complaints at B.C.'s ministry of consumer and corporate affairs and have just jumped onto the Toronto Better Business Bureau's top 10 list. Bureau President Paul Tait can recite a string of horror stories. One owner relied on a five-year guarantee for a bathroom improvement given by a company that folded in six weeks (just before her bathtub tiles fell down). And a hapless couple paid \$25,000 for a shoddy renovation that cost them \$80,000 to repair. Fly-by-night contractors can be avoided, says Tait, with careful investigation—checking out reputations and previous jobs. But what goes wrong most of the time is communication between homeowner and renovator.

"People create their own misadventures," comments Paul Rivers of Toronto's Onscape Inspection Ltd., which assesses quality of construction. These days, Rivers spends an increasing amount of time preparing independent inspection reports to be used in court cases involving restoration disputes. (Some unhappy clients sue for as much as \$50,000.) Quoting a recently completed contract, Rivers warns that expensive services catastrophe. "Do the kitchen floor" means nothing to me. I should specify the materials to be used, type of architrave and how many coats, whether work includes patching and repairing damaged wood or a thorough vacuuming afterward."

For homeowners new to the language

of construction, some technical education is the only protection. Fortunately, advice for the would-be renovator is springing up faster than lawn mowers on an outdated truck. Required reading for B.C. consumers is *Home Renovation magazine*, which dedicates its subscriptions to 20,000 after its first three main last summer. Last November, Toronto architect Michael Miller's book *The Complete Guide to Home Renovation* topped a monthly one-day course designed for novices who don't even know that a building permit must precede a hole in the wall. A single newspaper ad in Ottawa last fall claimed more than 300 inquiries about the Association for Preservation Technology's 10-week home-restoration course. This spring in Toronto, both amateurs and professionals can visit Toronto's Howard House, planned by the Ontario government's Housing, Seniors and Energy Conservation Unit to demonstrate renovation and energy-saving techniques in all price ranges. Masterclasses look to Heritage Montreal's Centre Urbain with its renovation and restoration reference centre and bookstore. A beamed staff has fielded more than 1,000 inquiries a month since the centre's October opening, and evening seminars attract standing-room-only crowds.

Whether the address is a necessary bedroom or an Italian-filled Jacuzzi bathroom, every happy tamer leaves to live in a construction site. "The noise starts at 7:30 a.m.," warns Toronto renovator Terry Mills, "and there may be no power one day, so water the nest. But there will always be plaster dust. It stays airborne for days." When nature wall studs or tricky floor joists cause delays, patience is bound to wear thin. Not all couples survive their project together, and the term "renovation divorce" is gaining popularity to describe the result. Toronto real estate agent Rhonda McInerney has seen her share. "I try to warn them about taking on too much," she says ruefully.

The pressure of rushing to the totally renovated finish line doesn't trouble Vito Schucka and Garry Anderson. For years ago, a mere \$20,000 bought them a three-story house with more character than palatial Montreal's up-and-coming Shaughnessy Village. Although costly renovations dot the blocks around them, budget restrictions dictate the pair's heavily do-it-yourself pace. They patiently strip wood and suckle drywalling when time and funds permit, reviving life by bit a house that has survived neglect. "You develop a special relationship with an inanimate thing," says Schucka. "We might eventually get all 12 rooms completely done. Meanwhile, we're happy just to see a house." ☐

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## Unemployment kept at bay

By Carol Brunson

The rumor buzzed through the woodworking shop at Bel-Pur Industries 17 boys and experienced employees would soon be laid off. The speculation simply reflected the grim reality. Sales at the Surrey, B.C., store

furniture manufacturing company had fallen off dramatically and were expected to plunge another 30 per cent during 1983. Over the past year, 50 workers had been let go, whittling the number of employees down to 90. With morale so low, President Bill Tymkew doubted his remaining staff, with an an-



Austerity: a scheme of the dirty '80s?

tragedy 18 years in seniority, could withstand another shakeup. But Tymkew's morning drive to work brought a serendipitous solution. A radio announcement stated that the federal government had created a work-share program to help periodic and temporary layoffs. Under the scheme, employees are retained on a part-time basis while collecting unemployment insurance benefits for the time off. Says Tymkew: "I knew this would keep my employees out of the unemployment lines at a time when other jobs are hard to find."

Since the program was introduced in January, government officials estimate that 4,201 jobs have been spared. About 150 beleaguered companies are now participating, while another 20 await the go-ahead before the current deadline for applications expires in May. Of the \$30 million in unemployment insurance benefits allocated to the program, \$11.4 million has already been doled out. The recipients, such as Bel-Pur, are primarily manufacturing firms with fewer than 500 employees—many from Ontario's automobile industry and British Columbia's forestry sector. In a year of economic decline, the work-sharing program follows on the heels of other similar concessions by business and labor alike. Automobile workers at Chrysler Canada, for example, have accepted reductions in planned wage hikes, cost-of-living allowances and paid personal holidays.

At Bel-Pur, where the plan took effect last month, employees save work four days, earning their regular \$12.98 hourly wage and collecting unemployment insurance benefits, averaging \$40, for their one day off. Although the arrangement means about a \$200-a-month drop in pay, the Bel-Pur workers, who voted unanimously in favor of the plan, seem to be satisfied with the deal. "The wife and I aren't starving by any means," says Bill Smith, a welder and shop steward for the United Brother-



Tymkew (left) and Smith: "The wife and I am not starving by any means"

hood of Carpenters and Joiners of America.

But at a time when more than one million Canadians are out of work, some labor groups charge that the program only amounts to a stopgap measure, providing temporary relief while doing nothing to confront the high interest rate policy, which has caused many of the problems. "The program reminds us of some of the halfhearted schemes of the dirty '30s," said Dennis McDermott, president of the Canadian Labour Congress. The government, he believes, is

forcing people to "share welfare and poverty."

Not surprisingly, Employment Minister Lloyd Axworthy is quick to defend the program. "Work-sharing was not designed to be a long-term answer to the unemployment situation," he says. "It is more of a fix-it during a tough period." As for the suggestion that Ottawa has done nothing to stimulate economic growth, Axworthy replies that his ministry will spend \$25 million on job creation this year, and the federal government has committed \$50 billion

over the next five years in economic incentives. So pleased is Axworthy with the work-share program—and, perhaps, so pessimistic is he about the chances of a quick recovery for Canada's sputtering economy—that he wants to have the scheme extended into 1984.

To qualify, firms need only establish that their employees are willing to work fewer than five days a week. Only companies that have been in business for at least two years are eligible, and they must have reason to hope that production will return to full levels when their agreements expire (usually after six to 36 weeks). For their part, employees must have worked a consistent number of hours each week and contributed to unemployment insurance steadily for at least two years.

In Bel-Pur's case, the program is helping the company catch through a rough period. Ideally, of course, Tymkew would rather see rising sales of Bel-Pur's products—such as display racks and chair-outlets—than national government handouts to keep his company in the black. Bel-Pur, judging from Bel-Pur's sales over the 18-year history of the company, a turnaround probably won't happen until the summer. And should that happen, Tymkew says, "at least we'll have the skilled people on hand to cope with the demand." ☐

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# A walk on the fine line between calm and vertigo



Haffman and Clayburgh: a scolding caveat about the most ballast drug

## THE DANCING AS FAST AS I CAN

Directed by Jack Haffman

As well as being the most popular prescription drug in North America, valium is also the most insidious, lulling the user into a false sense of security. A fix—that the user is coping handsomely with life and all its stresses—becomes a lifeline. Many doctors have no conception about prescribing this poison, and instead to minimize its addictive dangers, about eight million North Americans use it in some degree. Barbara Gordon's autobiographical *I'm Dancin' as Fast as I Can* was a scolding caveat about the drug—the first important one outside the medical journals and doctors' offices. The movie version of her book is strong stuff, more for its matter than its manner.

Gordon (Jill Clayburgh) is a macabre, lauded documentary filmmaker at work on a piece about a poison-dying of pancreatic cancer. Popping as much as 100 mg a day, she is beginning to lose her perspective. While one shaking hand holds a cigarette, the other goes into her purse for a pill. Being intelligent, she is aware that she has begun to take more and more valium to alleviate the fear of taking too much. What finally shakes her out of her glazy-eyed existence is the dying patient

(brilliantly played by Geraldine Page) when Gordon shows her the movie, which the patient insists, Gordon reaches for instant relief. "You've made a valium movie!" snarls the patient, ripping a bandage off her head to show the brain truth of cancer, in contrast to Gordon's "sanitized" view.

What Barbara Gordon must be aware of were the side effects of the drug: confusion, an itching heat and a chemical imbalance which throws any remaining equanimity into chaos. The director of *I'm Dancin'*, Jack Haffman, works with tight close-ups, he and Clayburgh enrich the sadness in Gordon's unending pain, which leads her to the edge of madness. Holed up in her apartment with her lover, Derek (Nigel Williams), an alcoholic with a craving for the little blue pills, Barbara is swallowed into the vortex.

Three scenes are the real heart of *I'm Dancin'*, and it's here that the screenwriter, playwright David Rabe (Strike and Moon, *Stressors*), makes all the close-up count. Derek responds to Barbara's depression with one of his own: his law practice has been failing miserably, and he takes to the bottle. He's determined to be her cure, the wild-eyed, huddled in a corner. Rabe gives us the comedy of helplessness and terror; we can't help but laugh at Clayburgh's nutty, desperate measures to

stay sane; at one point she suggests they both get help and throws up dark glasses, a floppy hat and beads to the door with her keys, wearing a nightgown studded with drops of neglect.

Williams is slightly misused; he doesn't connect to Clayburgh in a way that would suggest they have been lovers for a long time. But Clayburgh, showing the many faces of fear, comes through with a full-fledged portrait of a woman chasing the walls while under siege. Like the actress, the movie whirls around the door in anxiety, nightmare time. —LAWRENCE UTOLE

## The cruel laws of gentle men

THE BOAT IS FULL

Directed by Markus Imhoof

The opening scene of *The Boat Is Full* symbolizes, in a few telling seconds, the tragedy of Switzerland's wartime internigration policies. As the Nazis consolidate their control of Europe, Swiss soldiers are busy plugging an ancient gateway with stone. The barrier is not meant to keep the Germans out of neutral Switzerland; rather, it is intended to stem the flood of refugees from Nazi persecution. Worried that they Switzerland is about to be swamped by foreigners, the government has made it nearly impossible for Jews—who make up the great bulk of the refugees—to enter the country, even though by 1942 the entrance of the death camps is an open secret. Swiss director Markus Imhoof suggests how deeply ordinary Swiss citizens were implicated in a policy that sent thousands back to certain death: as the soldiers go on laboring at the wall, we hear an anti-Semitic joke drift down from the scaffolding.

The film focuses on five Jews and a German army deserter who slip across



Imhoof revealing a terrifying dignity

the Swiss border and take shelter in a barn, where they are discovered by the proprietress of a local inn. Soon, hard-hearted Anna Fleischer (Renée Stämpfli) sweeps them into her kitchen for a hot meal of rationed meat and eggs. But her Jewish husband, Franz (Mathias Gauderer), sees only the strangeness of the Jewish escapee (he's sure they're all "fell of lice and stuff") and sends for the police. Seeing that her freedom is about to evaporate, the attractive young refugee, Judith Kruger (Tina Engel), makes a run for it. She is caught by Franz, but as he is about to drag her back, their eyes meet. What passes between them is never made clear. It could be a plea for help, a promise of a sexual favor or simply Franz's sudden perception of Judith's suffering. In any case, such ambiguity is typical of this moving and subtly crafted film: it does not belabor the moment with music or make it overly explicit by explaining one possible meaning (Hollywood might have played up the sexual aspect) at the expense of the others.

Judith is the cure of the desperate group. She gives energy and credibility to its various subterfuges, even though she would rather be with her husband, who is being interned in a Swiss labor camp. German actress Engel superbly sustains the expressed love and the long-suffering yet behind the veils, her eyes have the furtive brightness of a wounded animal gathering its strength for a last pounce. When she is briefly reunited with her husband, the light flickers not to be torn from her chest. Once separated, the barn and walks quietly away. The final hopelessness reveals a terrifying dignity which proclaims that she knows she is no longer one of the living.

Judith and her companion fellow refugee are not done in by judicious and beatings—this is not the Swiss style—but by an official policy enacted by men who seem remarkably gentle. The village policeman, for example, is a quintessential Swiss fellow who would seem more at home collecting stamps than applying a cruel law. At the same time we are constantly reminded of this law's connection with the attitudes of the Swiss people. Among Imhoof's background choruses of villagers it is, generally, the women who are most sympathetic ("We could shelter them in the village...at least the children"), while male reactions range from blatant anti-Semitism to the tendency to hide behind official policy. As Judith's police explains in a rather sickly apogee, "I don't make these laws, but there must be some reason for them."

Unfortunately for refugees everywhere, such attitudes are not confined to the Second World War or to Switzerland.

—JOHN REICHGOLD



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## The carnal dungeon beneath Camelot

THE KENNEDY IMPRISONMENT

by Gerry Wills  
(McClolland and Stewart, £28.00)

Gerry Wills cannot do words. He shamelessly entitled the opening section of his book "sex," and within the first few pages we are already into tales of the sleazy adventures that happened in the court at Camelot. But this focus on the revelry in a bedroom does not mean the Kennedy White House is not just a spacy appendage. Since sex is so central to Wills's explanation of the Kennedy disasters and their legacy, it's almost the only reasonable place for him to begin.

In this study of America's most provocative family, Wills presents us with an image of John F. Kennedy as a man strongly driven—whether in bed, on the campaign trail or in counterintelligence planning sessions at the White House—by a desire to show his machismo. All that faculty training at Harvard. Port wasn't restricted to the merits of positive thinking. The Kennedy boys were encouraged to undertake a "competitive discipline of lust" almost as vigorously as they were pushed onto the South Florida field or into the political arena. JFK apparently learned his lessons well and, as many disillusioned Americans have since learned, he didn't let the formulation of the presidency or his marriage get in the way. What is striking is not that Kennedy had affairs, but his attitude toward them. Wills makes it clear that what we are dealing with is not the mild incontinence sexual indulgence, but a "dirty dose of sex taken, as it were, for muscle tone."

While this muscle tendency is hardly an attractive quality, it can be downright dangerous when the muscle-driven leaders close in on the nation's weaker souls. Kennedy's need to prove his toughness, Wills argues, kept cropping up occasionally in his foreign policy. An avid James Bond fan, the president wanted to be seen changing furiously about, unchallenged by the nation's snarlers and traitors that had put at least one internal restriction on his predecessor, Dwight Eisenhower. Kennedy kept his mouth as one of taking bold actions to wipe up the nation from the deep slumber it had been in under Ike, whose dullness and weakness—typified by his fling for golf—were much ridiculed in Kennedy circles. Kennedy kept his own golf playing a secret and confined his putting to the White House lawn. The central feature



The Kennedy family in Hyannis Port, 1946: following a competitive discipline of lust

of his New Frontier was headiness; any adviser who expressed doubts about some of the more brazen schemes—such as the Bay of Pigs—was quickly labelled the master of the inner circle or lacking "balls." This phlegm-shed bewilderment inspired Kennedy to try out America's new anti-guerrilla techniques in what seemed like a perfect setting—Vietnam.

Wills argues that Kennedy was a prisoner of his own tough-guy rhetoric, losing himself into perilous situations with his macho attitudes. But JFK died before many of his macho moves had a chance to come back and haunt him. The real prisoner of the Kennedy mythology, Wills suggests, is Ted Kennedy, who can neither escape the Kennedy name nor, in many people's eyes, try to do it. Even Ted's sexuality—traditionally a Kennedy asset in the polls—has become a liability, partly because of Chappaquiddick, and partly because of the changing times. JFK's systematic wooing, even if it had been known, probably would not have hurt him among his liberal followers of the early 1960s. Ted's philandering, Wills points out, does not go down nearly as well among today's liberals who have absorbed modern feminist views.

Wills's portrait of JFK as a cross between John Wayne and Hugh Hefner

is highly interpretative and overstated. But this is part of his attraction. There is a reframing wit, an appealing sense of outrage in his willingness to tackle the Kennedy legend. It is with considerable scorn, for instance, that he points out the different ways in which we regard Janet Cooke, the *Washington Post* reporter who was reviled for accepting a Pulitzer Prize for a fake story, and John Kennedy, who accepted a Pulitzer for a book that was essentially ghostwritten for him—and then went on to hold the highest office in the United States.

In his earlier Nixon book, Wills brilliantly captured the essence of Richard Nixon and also had much to say about the nature of American liberalism. While not as powerful or as wide in its sweep, *The Kennedy Imprisonment* does make a compelling case that JFK's major preoccupation was often trying to look tough rather than protecting the American people. In the process, Wills sheds some light on macho tendencies that, while always present, were taken to dangerous extremes under Kennedy. The belief among American politicians that it's necessary to measure those giddy heights of male swagger may be the real Kennedy legacy—and one that continues to imprison us all.

—LIZZY McLENNAN

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Arla: deep and authentic reading

## Wide-eyed at the dying of the light

A SLICK PULL OF DREAMS  
by John Alfred  
(Dobson Books, \$4.95 paperback)

Prize fiction has always reserved a place of honor for its elderly "They were the first ones here," says Arla Pedersen, the linking character in this first collection of stories "Black Bird you have to go back generations before you get to the first ones." Arla is a young nurse in a Calgary home for aged women. As John Alfred's point of entry in most of these quiet, questioning pieces, she makes it up and a likeable observer—intelligent, sensitive, troubled by the emotional demands and perils of her job. The author takes advantage, naturally, of the contrast between Arla's vitality and the death and decay around her. But the respect that Arla pays her charges in Alfred's elegant prose, one that lets the stories sing.

Arla is both vulnerable and resilient. She has a lover who can often satisfy her but who doesn't always meet her needs. While sympathetic to her old women, she won't be bullied by them. Her perceptions are sharp, the registers the ironic, the paradoxical and pats to the fading life she nurses. Above all, Arla tries to be honest in her reactions to events grotesque or touching or obscene, and to the presence of inevitable death. She makes an effort to understand herself, to confront crises such as "the stage, still undefined recognition of some part of herself in the disintegrating mind and body of the old

woman, a recognition in deep it seemed to shake her from within."

The women are masterfully drawn. Survivors and fighters, winners and losers, they form a remarkable troop of bodies and voices. Alfred describes them in a clinical and precise style; they speak in tones that range from kindly to vicious to wailing. There is one unpleasant staff here, a sister of illness and decrepitude we may prefer not to think about. With Arla to mediate, they become innocent.

The best of the 16 stories pull in readers one direction. They risk setting up a tension between the concerns of the women, worldly or spiritual, and Arla's bleak sexuality. Usually they succeed, and one snap and sting, too. One such story begins with a quick erotic moment in a private car and ends with an old lady venturing into a bath.

Occasionally Alfred strays after a metaphor, in a few places the writing goes limp, or the impact of a scene seems lighter than intended. But most of the time she's able to sidestep her talent for dispassionate reading with the experience of deep and authentic feeling. Nothing has less—"Her voice moved like a finger feeling crushed velvet, raw caressed"—in the first paragraph of the first story should give readers confidence in what's to come. John Alfred is willing to take chances. When she wins, those well-matched, deceptively unassuming scenes open up some of the more astonishing complexities and justifications of experience.

—DOUGLAS HILL

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## Mail early for bonus prizes

By Allan Fotheringham

**T**ime, folks, for the spring edition of the *Ford's Fotheringham Current Events Quiz*. Extra prizes are restricted one to a customer and must be accompanied by a bono tip from Harold's Island Haulie PD's. The prizes for employees of Modco's and residents of Alberta. Marks will be awarded for answers.

1. Canada's SFR, who have received a 15-per-cent salary increase over the past 18 months, have spent two weeks sitting in their offices while the division bells have been ringing in vain to call them to a vote. What do you suggest would be an appropriate game for them to play the next two weeks, on suitable to their temperaments?

(a) Scrabble?  
(b) Soap?  
(c) Post Office?  
2. Allan MacLachlan has told reporters he does not plan to resign as finance minister and looks forward to staying in the job. Do you regard this as:

(a) A promise?  
(b) A threat?  
(c) An exercise as some of his self-destruct budget proposals?

3. The Pentagon wants to test its cruise missiles, which have nuclear capability, over northern Saskatchewan and Alberta, because the landscape most closely resembles that of the Soviet Union. Right, surely, why you think this is the most appropriate expression yet of the essential attitude of the United States toward Canada. (Remember this: a family reunion.)

4. The Princess of Wales has caused a temper tantrum in Buckingham Palace because Fleet Street photographers caught her in a bikini, while five months pregnant. What do you think was most incited by the uproar?

(a) Royalty?  
(b) The press?  
(c) Pregnancy?  
5. As a linguistic exercise, take the latest pronouncement of U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig and translate it into English. Take your time.

6. Elizabeth Taylor, who has married Allan Fotheringham in a coherent for Southern News.

Richard Burton twice during her seven trips to the altar, showed up with him again in a much-published version as her 50th birthday. Where does this rank in your importance scale?

(a) With the California mafia merger?  
(b) With Rick Warren's hands?  
(c) With the present whereabouts of Debbie Reynolds?

7. Do you feel sorry for Nelson Mandela?  
8. Explain why.  
9. As fair exchange for allowing the Pentagon to test its latest Cruise-

son, mostly Canadian, while drifting in Canadian waters for Canadian oil, is owned by Americans all overseas whose executive volunteered before a Washington hearing details on the disaster that they have yet to give Canadian officials. Does this explain:

(a) The cruel nature of the international business?  
(b) The naive stupidity of Canadian officials?  
(c) Why the Pentagon wants to test the cruise missile over Alberta?  
10. When do you think Pierre Trudeau will retire?

(a) When his hair goes?  
(b) When his ego goes?  
(c) When John Turner frowns over?

11. Parti Québécois House Leader Claude Charbon, detected stealing a \$150 sports jacket from Eaton's in Montreal, opened those Nicks through heavy traffic before being tackled by store detectives, reported to tell Premier René Lévesque of it for three weeks, and then informed a press conference that the only reason he was being prosecuted was that (a) the jacket's brand had included to "venerate" him. Please write as many explaining what this illustrates about:

(a) The past attitude of the English-speaking in Québec?  
(b) The present paranoia of the Parti Québécois?

(c) The future of Quebec.

12. A Mickey Gaubie, a six-year-old, three-foot, three-inch, 45-lb hockey player from Dorval, Que., Wayne Gretzky's best friend, was loaned by parents as his own team, after scoring 55 goals in one game and 198 goals in 24 games. What does this help you better understand:

(a) Hockey?  
(b) Hockey parents?  
(c) The Canadian psyche?  
(d) All of the above?

13. Winnipeg Conservative MP Dick McKenna, after a trip to South Africa paid for by his bank, has pronounced that the blacks in that country are not mature enough to govern themselves. Could you see one Canadian politician paid for the same statement might be applied?



killers over Alberta, what do you feel would be an adequate test project that we could ship to the United States for reference?

(a) Joe Clark's charisma?  
(b) The Toronto Argonauts?  
(c) Allan MacLachlan's sarcasm?  
10. Expend, in 200 words or less, your feelings on Herb Gray's new lawsuit.

11. If you had not sensed, explain why.  
12. Henry Kissinger has had a recent major bypass operation. Was it to bypass:

(a) His heart?  
(b) His ego?  
(c) His mystique?  
13. The Lakeland government is upset because the European Parliament is importing Canadian oil products because our fishermen's baby seals shortly after their birth is not this what Liberals have been doing for decades to Tories? Expand on this theory.

14. The Ocean Ranger, which killed 84



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